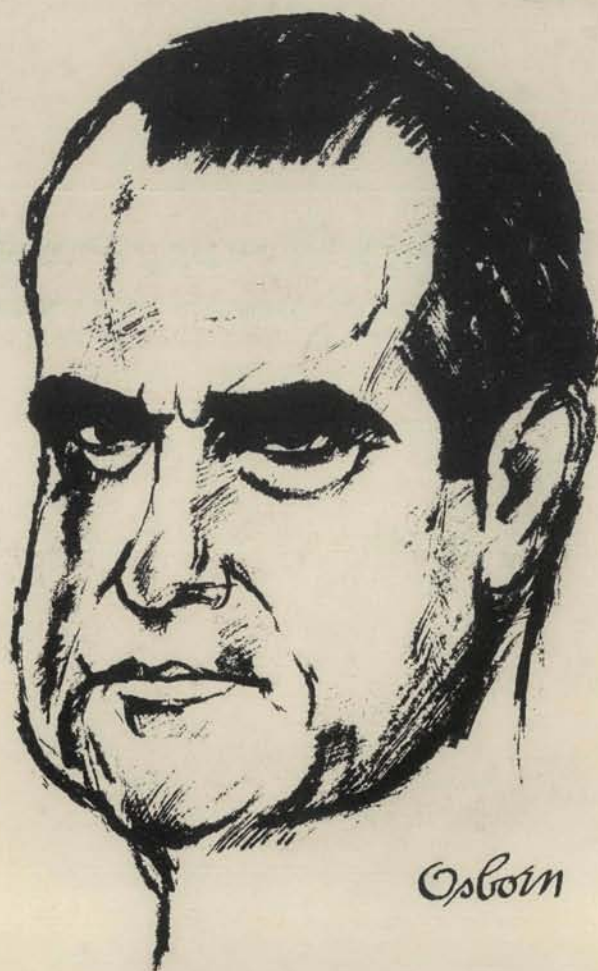


The Very Last Hurrah *Paul R. Wieck*

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts—November 18, 1972, 50 cents

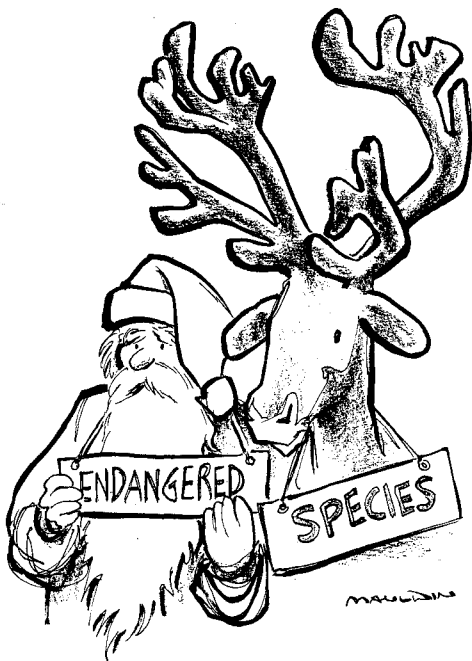
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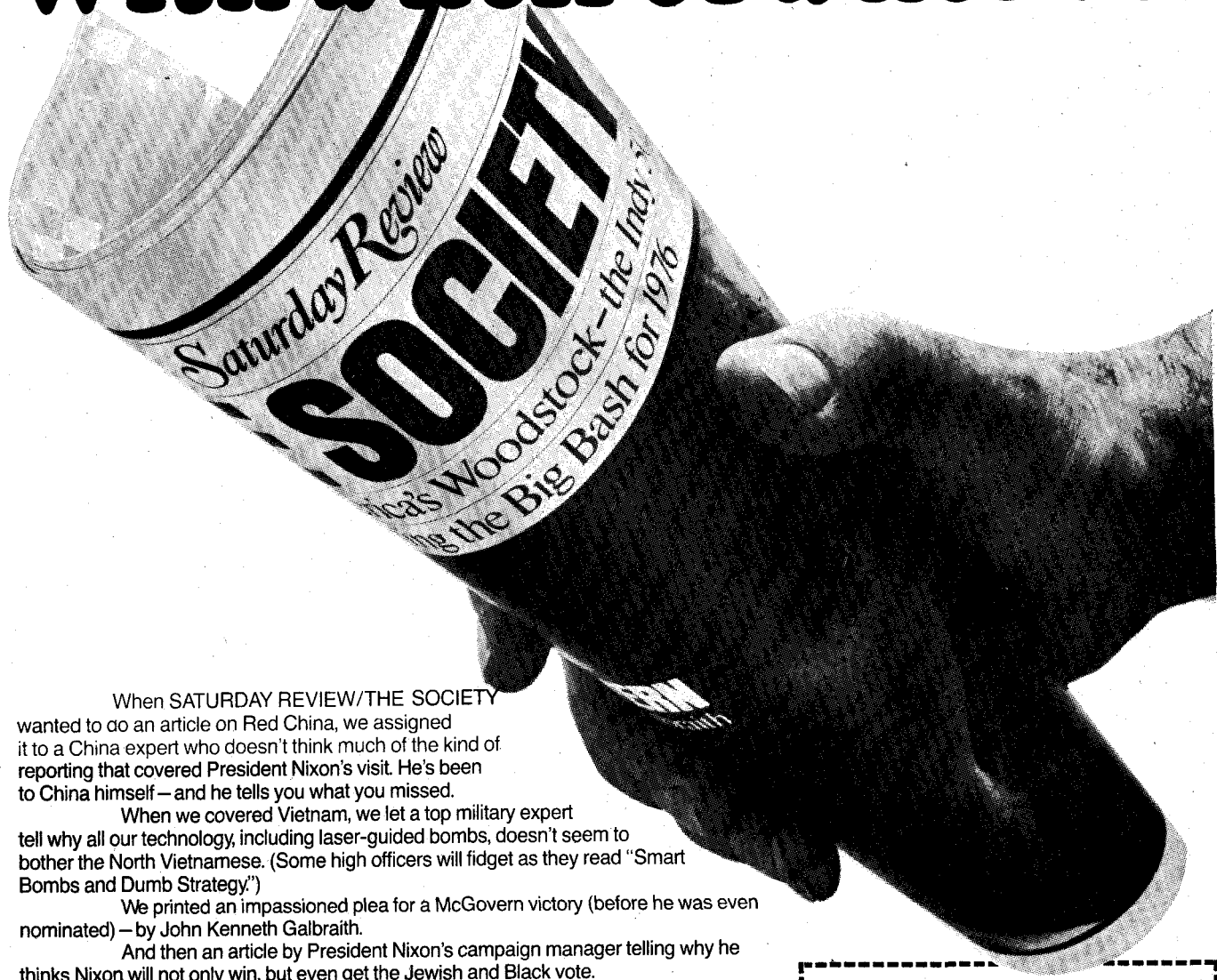
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CMB2L015

From Calcutta...
**Report on
 Elizabeth
 Dass...**



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
 CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

To NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA
 NAME: ELIZABETH DASS
 DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964
 NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA
 ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER
 HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED
 CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.
 PARENTS' CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.
 MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNES TWO RUPEES A DAY (20¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
 LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
 (ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING. IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM HER PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

Every day desperate reports like the one above reach our overseas field offices. Then we must make the heartbreaking decision—which child can we help? Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep at night?

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(Country) _____

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Yes, perhaps right now—today—you are one of these over 200,000 "Smart Savers" who are now getting 9% ... 10% ... even 13½% on their money... all because they had the foresight to purchase the eye-opening volume (called "DON'T BANK ON IT") that showed them how!

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Yes! Up to TWICE as much interest—and all from a single weekend's fascinating reading! But—what these people didn't know then—and what the author of this book himself didn't even realize then—was that even this "impossible" 13½% figure was still just the beginning!

Because once the door to higher, and still higher, interest rates was forced open, then bank officials themselves quietly divulged to the author other EVEN MORE LUCRATIVE mechanisms that his original Plan had missed!

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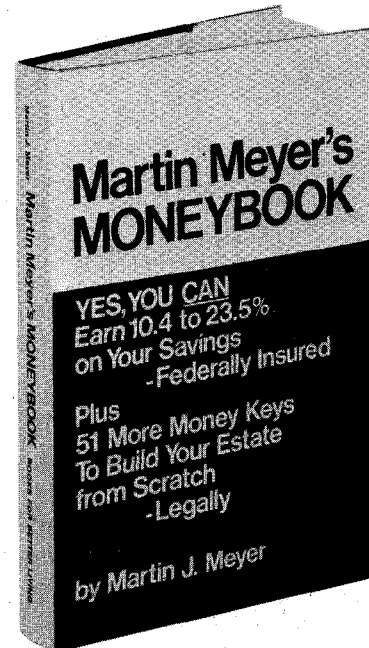
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from Washington
November 18, 1972

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The Dismal Election

Something very strange is happening in American politics. The two-party system seems to be collapsing. President Nixon got one of the greatest popular landslides in history on Tuesday but failed to sweep his Republican Party into control of Congress. He lost Congress also in 1968, but then it was explained by the extremely close contest (though it was noted that the last time a new President won without Congress was in 1848, with Zachary Taylor). Now Mr. Nixon has triumphed spectacularly, yet his party has lost two seats in the Senate and is still a minority in the House.

The easy answer is that the public was not voting for Mr. Nixon but against Senator McGovern and there is a good deal of truth in this. But it seems to us that it goes a lot deeper. The political parties are in disarray and since they are a vital part of our system of government this is bad news.

If a political "landslide" is defined as a popular vote over 60 percent then there have been four in American history, all in this century, as follows: Harding in 1920 with 60.3 percent, Roosevelt in 1936 with 60.8 percent, Johnson in 1964 with 61.6 percent, and now Nixon in the over 60 percent club. The difference is that the first three won overwhelming party control in Congress and were able to govern, while Mr. Nixon's curious personal lack of charisma, or popularity, or something, leaves him facing a Congress that is hostile, though only flabbily so even here since the power still resides largely in a conservative coalition. Almost certainly this means negativism for a while, and little forward movement. This is a travesty of checks and balances; it could mean paralysis.

Another set of figures bears this out. White House and Congress have been held by rival parties in 10 of the past 18

years, and now there will be at least two more of them. Who does the voter hold responsible, anyway? Mr. Nixon can always blame higher taxes on Congress; Congress in turn can blame the White House. Curiously enough, many voters have so lost confidence in government that they seem to like it this way; they want the two branches of government to watch each other.

We are inclined to think that the country is in a state of extraordinary transition and that this is showing up in the series of divided governments in Washington. It would have been evident four years ago but for the third party candidacy of George Wallace. Wallace got 10 million votes, or 13.5 percent of the total in 1968, which made the Nixon-Humphrey race a photo-finish. But Wallace got shot last May and was eliminated and most of his votes came to Nixon. What we have now is Nixon plus Wallace, with a demoralized Congress left largely in confusion. What happens to the Democratic Party depends largely, we guess, on whether Democrats can restore discipline in Congress.

Most elections stir the blood, lift the spirits, act as a national catharsis; the country feels better after them. But not 1972. This has been the most dismal election we have ever known, with the real issues undiscussed, one candidate in seclusion and the other getting nowhere, a smell like a stopped drain from the Watergate affair and the public largely bored. One thing we think the lonely Senator McGovern did accomplish. By his direct and passionate charge that the President does not really mean to make peace in Vietnam we think that he has compelled Mr. Nixon, willy-nilly, to make peace; we simply do not feel that with that deadly indictment pending over him the President can continue the war much longer.

The 1968 election showed the conservatives in the Democratic Party that they cannot win without the liberals; the 1972 election shows the liberals that they can't win without the regulars and officeholders. If they are unable to work out a coalition then the party—which has been the innovator and friend of the little man more often than not in this century—might as well fold.

Mr. Nixon has got his new coalition, typified by George Wallace: the alienated white underdog who is baffled and insecure in the face of turbulent economic, social and racial change, "the most revolutionary change that man has

ever lived in," said Walter Lippmann. George McGovern made a gallant fight but his moralism and supposed radicalism turned the blue-collars off. The mood of the country, as we see it, is a desire for stability, and while Senator McGovern promised reform, Mr. Nixon pledged stability; he emphasized old virtues—the work ethic, peace with honor, law and order; and at the same time he subtly played on nasty prejudices with complicated code words: no busing, no quotas, a strict constructionist Supreme Court and free choice in housing. Though it never surfaced we believe that the race issue was a major hidden factor in the Nixon landslide.

So what are the prospects? We caught sight of one when Philadelphia's Mayor Frank Rizzo, Democrat and former strong-arm cop, hailed Spiro Agnew as "one of the truly great Americans in history." The Vice President has emerged with his new image; a man who supports all the orthodoxies with a repressive glint in his eye. His nomination in 1976 seems likely.

What has Mr. Nixon promised for the four years ahead? Very little, really; he has fought the election from his closet, the equivalent of McKinley's front porch campaign conducted by television. There will probably be two more justices on the Supreme Court making six Nixon appointees in all. The prospect that they will be statesmen of stature is gloomy; Harding picked Taft; Coolidge picked Stone; Hoover picked Hughes; Eisenhower picked Earl Warren; but Mr. Nixon does not have men of that calibre around him; his legal associates are Mitchell and Kleindienst.

President Nixon could go either way. He is a lameduck President; his eyes should be on history. He can, and has, done credit to himself and America by opening communications behind the Iron Curtain. We hope there will be more of it.

On the domestic side, Mr. Nixon's chief goal seems to be to keep down taxes. Four blue-ribbon presidential commissions in recent years have all urgently warned the nation that crime, violence, social decay, human waste and racial bitterness are springing in part from a lack of public spending in essential services. There is hardly one such service that is not starved for funds, yet we have cut taxes three times in four years. Efficiency, yes; but to make taxes an absolute issue as Mr. Nixon has done is narrow and demagogic.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Picking Up The Pieces

Since posterity may not believe it unless it's printed, we record the party registration figures for 1972—Democrats, 61,793,000; Republicans, 35,624,000; "others," slightly above five million. Without those figures, it might be thought that Mr. Nixon's impressive new majority is equivalent to a Republican majority. But as John Connally was quick to note on election night, it is not, though it may become that. It might because Richard Nixon is a resourceful man, a partisan, no Dwight Eisenhower, and during the next four years he may work to convert last week's vote into a more durable Republican allegiance. He esteems organization; he plans ahead; he is quick to appropriate issues that are popular; his effort on behalf of his party would have behind it not only the prestige the President has won, but considerable resources and political skills. To succeed, however, he would in our judgment have to have the help of a Democratic default. That also is possible. And what would be the result? One need not speculate what the new Republican Party of the new majority would be like. We know. As fashioned by Mr. Nixon, with the assistance of the Vice President, it would be hospitable to and well-nourished by the financial community; it would defer but not be wholly subservient to the large corporations; it would not be strikingly anti-labor; it would speak in the idiom of the white middle class; it would grow strong in the South (North Carolina has elected a Republican senator and its first Republican governor since 1896; Virginia has its first Republican senator in 80 years), so that future Republican Presidents would not have to lean so heavily on racist Democrats to get their way. It would appeal to young business executives, to intellectuals who have soured on redemptive politics, to workers who hold welfare in contempt. It would amass countless IOUs from cities and states with which it shares federal revenues. It would not soak the rich, and if it soaked the poor, the poor would not know it. But to repeat, it can't be done without the Democrats. How might they respond? What have they left to respond with? Where is the oldest and biggest political party in the history of the world? Everywhere and nowhere nationally.

The explanation of why it is nowhere nationally is not to be found in McGovern's stunning defeat, though our correspondent Paul Wieck suggests in this issue how the senator and his most ardent supporters contributed to the President's victory on November 7. We

have to look elsewhere. The massive defections among those predisposed by registration and sentiment to vote Democratic began way back. The defections coincide with a decline in party spirit, which some people applaud. We don't applaud that decline, for the alternative to a vital two-party system is a one-party or a nonparty or a multiparty system, each of which is destructive of liberty, orderly change and clear accountability of the governor to the governed.

Nationally, the Democratic Party has had a slow leak since World War II. Common social and economic objectives which had held the Roosevelt coalition together have worn so thin that today they are little more than platitudes about compassion or about "the party with a heart." Accustomed as we have become to thinking of the Democrats as dominant, we forget that although Harry Truman beat the unappealing Thomas Dewey in 1948, Truman won less than a majority of the total popular vote. John F. Kennedy squeaked through barely; Hubert Humphrey didn't. Last week the collapse was complete. The Democratic Party and not President Nixon controls the Congress (those registration figures mean something), but what does that control mean?

In the first place, the congressional wing of the party has been subordinate for decades to southerners who increasingly vote not with their liberal colleagues from the North and West, but with the most reactionary Republicans. They are Democrats for convenience. They are outsiders with respect to national Democratic policy, though very much insiders when it comes to passing or not passing legislation. As illustration, though not as absolute proof, we cite the fact that in the last Congress 10 out of 11 Democratic senators from six Southern states (Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina) voted wrong on eight of 10 issues this journal singled out as critical. All but one are still in the Senate. And if you choose to include Arkansas as Southern, include Senator McClellan; he will be there too, in all his power. These Democrats preside as chairmen of seven of the most important Senate committees and 22 of its subcommittees. They and their counterparts in the House of Representatives and in governors' mansions and city halls in the South have only one important thing in common with their party's presidential candidates over the past 20 years—they want to be elected.

From Jefferson's day, the Democratic Party has been a coalition, reflecting a balance of interests—but a workable, identifiable coalition that has stuck together to accomplish certain specific purposes, including but not limited to the election of a President. No one proposes that it be otherwise, that it could or should be a monolith. But the sum of its parts is no longer a whole, and though it would be premature to announce the death of the national party, it is not going too far to say that its legacy has been spent and that it's

bankrupt. Not that it can't pay its bills, but that it no longer commands the requisite inner resources. The party is now seen to be what it was becoming, a motley of independent and heterogeneous principalities with interests so divided that it cannot even be called a coalition. Organized labor is no longer its broker; organized labor is itself divided. It cannot any longer assemble a national governing majority by combining appeals to this or that minority group. It has few if any unifying purposes, only tag ends of ideas born in the Roosevelt era, and they have lost their hold on a drifting electorate that is distrustful of old remedies, of political maneuver, and is becoming shrewdly indifferent to party labels. It is, however, an electorate that would rally behind a party that is "of the people" in all their diversity, and yet is not George Wallace's mirror of popular prejudices.

In the past four years, the Democratic Party was not even able to unite on a coherent, consistent policy for disengagement from an unpopular war. Nationally, it does not know for whom it speaks or why. If a meeting of Democrats were called this week to discuss what can be done to revitalize and unite the party, who would be invited and how impressive would that assembly be? One scratches for the names of men and women sufficiently representative, wise, powerful and like-minded. The party has no Establishment, only a handful of academicians who occasionally prepare papers, largely on economic subjects, to which little attention is paid. That party which has been in charge of the national legislature has frittered away its authority; it has not used the investigatory machinery it has had to move out into the country and inquire how well Democratic programs (for example, Title 1 funds for education, or medicare or welfare) have been working, and if they have not been working well enough, why they have not been.

The decline of the Democrats nationally will, we trust, be reversed. The Republicans between 1964 and 1968 showed that however badly a party has been fractured by a minority candidate, it can be put together again. The value in having a constructive, thoughtful, and reasonably well-disciplined opposition during the next four years does not need to be argued. It will not serve the Democratic Party's interests nor the country's if the party's majority in Congress is splintered or obstructionist or uninventive. When the President is right, he will need their help. When he is wrong, he will need to be blocked or deflected. And the country will need in four years a political alternative that it has come to trust, that has proven it can hold together, that has a program that commands confidence. It will not be enough for the Democrats to say their beads and wait to be saved by a Kennedy or a Mondale. Personalities count, but they can't fill the vacuum in a party if as Gertrude Stein said of Oakland, California, "there's no *there* there."

Count the Days

Right up to election eve, the President affirmed that Henry Kissinger had not misspoken when he said that "peace is at hand." Nothing like peace marked the 12 days that followed Mr. Kissinger's announcement October 26, but the details of battle were lost in the deluge of campaign reporting.

On the day Mr. Kissinger outlined the terms of his agreement with Hanoi, 27 missions of B-52 bombers (a mission normally consists of three planes, each dropping about 24 tons of bombs) attacked below the demilitarized zone and around Hanoi. On that day and the next, Communist attacks throughout the South were the highest since the Tet offensive of 1968. On October 27, eight waves of B-52s bombed the South; a US helicopter and a phantom fighter bomber were shot down; Secretary Laird stated that the Saigon government would get additional small jets (A-37s) and eventually the F-5E advanced air defense fighter. US fighter bombers made 429 strikes.

The following day, October 28, Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese forces repelled an attack in the Plaine des Jarres, occupied a number of towns and considerable territory in Laos, took 10 hamlets in South Vietnam and cut three major highways near Saigon. A US army base 15 miles east of Saigon and the US air base at Danang were hit by enemy mortar fire; 138 attacks were launched by enemy troops, "the highest number of enemy initiated incidents in a single day of this year," according to news reports. The fighting around Saigon spread to six provinces. US fighter bombers carried out 120 strikes against the North; B-52s flew 23 missions in the South, seven of them within 35 miles of Saigon. A navy jet fighter was shot down. A *New York Times* dispatch said that, "Communist troops . . . are reportedly infiltrating in small units, making it difficult to use air strikes to drive them out."

Through the next 24 hours, the South Vietnamese were abandoning border camps in the central highlands; there were further US air strikes; an A-7 was shot down; enemy rockets almost demolished an ammunition depot eight miles from the Cambodian capital and bombed a communications center two miles further south. The foreign minister of South Vietnam stated that there could be no peace unless the North Vietnamese withdrew all their troops and recognized the DMZ as an official boundary (neither condition is to be found in the October 26th "settlement").

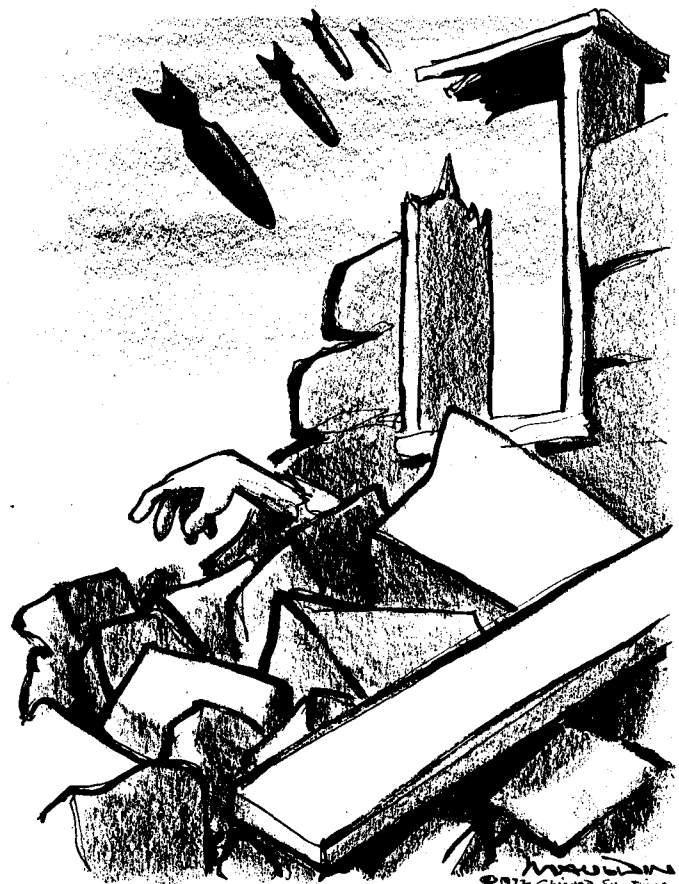
On October 31, it was confirmed that several thousand Communist troops had moved out of their Cambodian border base areas (the area Mr. Nixon had "scoured" at the time US troops invaded Cambodia) and gone into South Vietnam. Enemy troops were said to control half to three-quarters of Cambodia; they overran a second government position in the central highlands and hit more than 100 government-held positions in the South. Thirteen B-52 missions raided

North Vietnam; US fighter bombers flew 130 strikes. Thieu declared on November 1 that the Washington-Hanoi agreement was "only a cease-fire to sell out Vietnam." Nine Americans were killed when an army CH-47 helicopter crashed in the Mekong Delta. Five hamlets within a 50-mile radius of Saigon fell to the enemy; there was heavy fighting west of the capital. Fifteen bombing missions were flown by the B-52s.

It was announced officially on November 2 that Washington will ship Saigon 48 F-5A air defense fighters, in addition to 72 already promised, and that all will be replaced when the more advanced F-5E is available; we will also supply Saigon with 77 A-37 close support jet fighters, between 18 to 36 A-1 propeller-driven close support fighters, and at least 33 UH-1 helicopters. Four C-130 transport planes (South Vietnam previously had none) were delivered that day to Thieu and he was told he could expect about two dozen more. There were an estimated 730,023 refugees in camps in the South, compared to 200,000 on October 21.

The next day, the Communists staged approximately 100 hit-and-run attacks in the South; more than 100 B-52s dropped 2500 tons of bombs; fighting broke out near the provincial capital of An Loc, 60 miles north of Saigon and also four miles west of Pleiku.

On November 4, B-52s dropped at least 2000 tons of explosives; 140 jet fighters and US warships and helicopters hit the North. There were heavy clashes in Laos, where, according to *The New York Times*, "government troops, led by Lt. Gen. Van Pao and consisting



Peace is at hand . . . (Kissinger)

of Meo tribesmen and Thai volunteers, equipped and paid by the CIA" had been trying for two days to recapture part of the Plaine des Jarres; they failed.

US bombers on November 5 conducted one of the heaviest series of raids of the war—200 strikes, 5000 tons of bombs. Three US helicopters and an army AH-1 Cobra gunship were shot down, raising US plane losses to 8488. Secretary Laird announced that "we are trying to enhance negotiations through acceleration of deliveries." One hundred and two enemy attacks occurred.

On the day before Mr. Nixon's reelection, a third F-111 fighter bomber and a Navy A-7 were lost on raids; eight B-52s raided the North; there was intensive shelling and sabotage across the South by both sides. That was the peace that was at hand.

No Coattails

One of the few enjoyable things about the election was watching the TV commentators become hourly more diffident about the word "coattails." For weeks they said they would be "long" in the South, that certain candidates would find them too short, others would pin their campaigns to them, others would trip, cling or slide to power on them. Some even spoke of McGovern's "negative coattail effect." On election night the cliché gave out. There were no coattails. Not in the South or the North, neither long nor negative ones.

The Nixon landslide carried only 12 House seats for the Republicans, bringing them to 191 (244 Democrats). Although the South turned out a 70 percent plurality in the popular vote for the President, it only gave him eight new Republican representatives, a net gain of seven if the Democratic victory in Georgia is subtracted. Some notable upsets of Democratic incumbents occurred in Connecticut (where Rep. John Monagan lost, though William Cotter and Ella Grasso stayed on); in Illinois (where Rep. Abner Mikva, rated 100 percent by the NR vote test of the 92nd Congress, lost after being redistricted); in Indiana (where Rep. Andrew Jacobs, rated 91 percent, lost); in New York (Rep. John Dow lost); and in Texas (where Reps. Earle Cabell and Graham Purcell were defeated by younger Republicans).

A number of promising Democratic challengers lost in Republican districts, including John Kerry (leader of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War) in Massachusetts; Richard Ottinger and Richard "Max" McCarthy, who failed to take back seats in New York; Werner Fornos, who lost a new district in Maryland; Byron Johnson, who lost in Colorado; Alan Merson, a strong conservationist who failed to retain an old Democratic seat in Colorado; and Harold Miller, who failed to unseat Rep. Joel Broyhill, Virginia's arch

enemy of local government for the District of Columbia. The Democrats captured seven of the newly drawn House precincts; the Republicans, eight.

Several new black Democratic representatives will come to Washington in January, including Yvonne Brathwaite Burke from California, Andrew Young from Georgia and Barbara Jordan from one of the two new Texas districts that fell to the Democrats. Among the Democratic representatives returning to Congress after tough election fights are Reps. Frank Annunzio (Ill.), Romano Mazzoli (Ky.), Robert Drinan (Mass.), Lester Wolff (NY), Bella Abzug (NY), Ogden Reid (NY), Wayne Hays (Ohio), David Obey (Wisc.), and Teno Roncalio (Wyo.). California's former Democratic gubernatorial candidate, George Brown, was elected representative for a new district near Los Angeles, and in Massachusetts Independent John Moakley defeated South Boston's conservative Democrat Louise Day Hicks.

In the Senate, the election went poorly for the Republicans. They'd hoped to capture five Democratic seats, which, with the support of Independent Senator Harry Byrd (Va.) and the Vice President's tie-breaking vote, would have given them a majority. They came out with a net loss of two seats, leaving 43 Republican senators against 57 Democrats. The Republican strategy was to spend heavily in the wavering states, particularly in the South, where Democratic voters might be attracted to more conservative candidates. It failed because normally safe Republican seats in other states fell to Democrats. The most important upset was Rep. William Hathaway's defeat of Maine's Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith, who was the ranking minority member of the Armed Services Committee and second ranking minority member of the Appropriations Committee. She lost, it's said, because the voters decided that at 74 she was too old for the job.

Democrat Floyd Haskell's victory over Senator Gordon Allott in Colorado was just as surprising. At 65 Allott was in his third Senate term, running as a strong supporter of the administration and an influential senior senator; he is the ranking minority member of the Interior Committee. His opponent Haskell had been a Republican until 1970 when he switched to protest the administration's policy on Vietnam. It was a remarkable upset in a solid Republican state. In Delaware the Republicans lost what seemed a safe seat to Joseph Biden, Jr., a 29-year-old liberal who by inauguration day will be old enough to hold office. Biden replaces Sen. J. Caleb Boggs, who was running for a third term. The fourth major upset came in Iowa, where Democrat Dick Clark defeated Sen. Jack Miller, the ranking minority member of the Agriculture Committee. Rated by *The New Republic* voting test (NR, Oct. 28), the defeated Republican senators had relatively low scores in the last Congress: Smith (50 percent), Allott (17 percent), Boggs (50 percent), and Miller (25 percent). Sen. Smith's successor, William Hatha-

way, rated 91 percent.

The Democrats retained two Senate seats vacated by older Democratic incumbents: in Georgia, Sam Nunn took the place of David Gambrell, and in Louisiana, J. Bennett Johnston replaced the late Allen Ellender. The Republicans retained the Senate seat in Idaho (James McClure over William Davis), and captured open seats in New Mexico (Pete Domenici over Jack Daniels), North Carolina (Jesse Helms over Nick Galifianakis) and Oklahoma (former Governor Dewey Bartlett over Rep. Ed Edmondson). In Virginia, Republican Rep. William Scott (NR score, 0) unseated the moderate Democratic Senator William Spong (NR score, 41). Democratic senatorial candidates won in Kentucky (Walter Huddleston over former governor Louis Nunn, who campaigned against Huddleston as a McGovern sympathizer), and in South Dakota (Rep. James Abourezk over Robert Hirsch). By the NR test, Abourezk rated perfect in the last Congress on all but the two votes for which he was absent, giving him 83 percent. All other Senate seats were kept by incumbents. The Republican and Democratic victories fell into no geographical pattern, and in most cases were unrelated to the presidential race.

In the gubernatorial elections, Democrats upset two Republican governors—Sherman Tribbitt defeated Gov. Russell Peterson in Delaware and “shoe-leather” Dan Walker defeated Gov. Richard Ogilvie in Illinois. A Democrat also replaced the Republican heir to Vermont’s governorship. In return, Republicans captured three former Democratic governorships: Missouri, North Carolina and South Dakota. In West Virginia, incumbent Republican Governor Arch Moore defeated the youngest Rockefeller in politics, 35-year-old Democrat John (Jay) Rockefeller IV.

More SALT

The second phase of the strategic arms limitation talks is set to begin in Geneva on November 21. American and Soviet negotiators will have as their principal objective a more comprehensive agreement limiting nuclear arms. The ABM treaty signed by President Nixon and Secretary Brezhnev in Moscow this May has effectively halted the defensive nuclear arms race, but the interim agreement limiting certain types of offensive nuclear weapons will expire in mid-1977. Devising an agreement to succeed it is the most important agenda item for SALT II.

The ABM treaty was years in the making, though the final document is simplicity itself. Because neither side had made extensive deployments of ABMs (the USSR had one site of 64 ABMs around Moscow; the first US site was 80 percent complete), neither was required to eliminate forces in being. The limitation to

two sites (one to protect each nation’s capital, the other to protect ICBMs) permitted each nation to deploy a small force in line with its own strategic thinking on ABMs. This simplicity and symmetry made the ABM treaty easy to understand, equitable in appearance and (hence) difficult to oppose politically. (There were only two dissenting votes in the Senate.) On the other hand, the offensive arms agreement was neither simple nor symmetrical, and it had the political liability of appearing to give the Russians an advantage. A freeze on the construction of ICBMs allowed the United States to maintain 1054 missiles and the USSR an estimated 1618. A ceiling on ballistic-missile submarines and submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs) set limits of 44 boats and 710 SLBMs for the United States and 62 boats and 950 SLBMs for the Soviet Union. The Soviet numerical edge, however, is in launchers; the US has a commanding lead when one looks at warheads. Through its programs to put multiple independently targetable reentry vehicles (MIRVs) on its Minuteman III ICBMs and Poseidon SLBMs, the United States has acquired a two-to-one advantage in missile-warheads that will grow to four-to-one by 1977 unless the Soviet Union embarks upon a crash program to develop and deploy MIRVs. (It has yet to test its first MIRV although the Pentagon periodically rumbles with warnings that such a test is imminent.) So, the offensive arms agreement involved a trade-off: America’s lead in missile-warheads was balanced against a Soviet numerical edge in missile-launchers.

There is, then, a lesson to be learned from SALT I: the Russians will be unlikely to accept any SALT II agreement that holds them to nuclear parity unless they have, or are permitted the opportunity to achieve, technological parity as well. A second offensive arms accord may therefore again have to strike a balance between the US lead in warhead technology and the Soviet edge in missile weight-lifting capacity. Finding that balance will be no simple task. Here are three of many complicating factors:

Bombers. The present agreement does not limit strategic nuclear bombers, an area in which the US has a substantial lead with 455 B-52s and 72 FB-111s to 140 long-range bombers for the Soviet Union. The more extensive Soviet bomber defense system, however, might be seen as partially negating the American advantage in bomber numbers.

Forward-based systems. American fighter and bomber aircraft on European bases and carriers give the United States additional nuclear firepower which could be used against the USSR, which has no such forward bases. The US position is that such tactical forces should not be considered a part of the strategic balance, but with 7000 tactical nuclear warheads in NATO, some of which could obliterate cities, the USSR views them as a strategic threat to its homeland.

Research and development. Both nations are continuing to spend heavily on R & D in those areas which were

not affected by the SALT I accords. These efforts could lead to *qualitative* improvements that would have destabilizing *quantitative* effects on the strategic balance. For example, a significant improvement in missile accuracy would increase the "single-shot kill probability" of each warhead, thus permitting fewer missiles to be programmed against the same number of targets.

A new arms agreement is not only a matter of limiting weapons; one must also consider the scenarios perceived by each side. Does the US, for example, believe its missile warning system and reconnaissance satellites will permit it to pinpoint those Soviet missiles remaining after a first strike? If so, we would need fewer missiles for a second strike because we could reprogram our missiles so as not to hit empty missile silos; if not, we would not know which silos had fired their missiles, and we would be obliged to program all of them if we wished to diminish the force of subsequent Soviet attacks. If the US assumes the worst case (no reprogramming) and the Soviet Union assumes our best case, each side will have a much different perception of an "adequate" US force level.

The Soviet Union has similar problems. Take, for instance, bomber defense. Might the US attack the extensive Soviet bomber defense system with ICBMs in advance of US bombers, or might it rely primarily upon the electronic countermeasures of its aircraft to penetrate the Soviet system? The question, simple to state, has no simple answer. The different answers assumed by each side will affect perceptions about an "adequate" Soviet force level.

Politicians who are suspicious of arms limitation tend to focus on numbers. One such is the junior senator from Washington, Henry M. Jackson. Third-ranking member of the Armed Services Committee, Jackson has long nurtured his image as "the Senate's foremost authority on defense," but he brought the depth of his knowledge into question this past summer when he aimed a legislative threat at future arms limitation agreements. The Senate approved the interim offensive arms agreement only after it had tacked on a Jackson amendment which urged and requested the President "to seek a future treaty that, *inter alia*, would not limit the United States to levels of intercontinental forces inferior to the limits provided the Soviet Union." While this amendment has no binding effect on the President, the fact that it carried the Senate by a substantial majority (56-35) put the USSR on notice that the Senate might not approve any treaty which does not follow the amendment's simplistic formula.

What effect will the Jackson amendment have on SALT II? The Russians might ignore it. After all, they might reason, Jackson used the word "treaty" rather than "agreement," so a second interim agreement to adjust the first in response to changes in each side's nuclear capability four or five years hence has not been ruled out. But there is a darker view. The USSR could assume that the next accord, whatever its form, will

have to conform to Jackson's rigid notion of nuclear equality or be defeated by the Senate. If this view prevails, the Soviet Union might accelerate its efforts to close the technological gap by building MIRVs and other weapons not covered by the present agreements. Once its weapons and ours are in their arsenals, it will be even more difficult to agree to reduce them, and the rising level of each side's armaments would probably induce still further increases. In sum, we would once again see the familiar and futile arms race spiral.

Swallowing Anything

Seven years ago the Senate Committee on Aging finished hearings on medical frauds that victimize the elderly and asked the government to look into the subject. Shortly afterwards, seven federal agencies, including the Food and Drug Administration, jointly put up \$157,000 to find out how people waste an estimated \$1 billion a year on unneeded health products. The report has now been released by the FDA.

Called "A Study of Health Practices and Opinions," the paper in 386 documented pages, with 110 statistical tables, tells us that we are fools. Fools are not concentrated in the lower, middle or upper classes, or in certain age groups, and they are not more likely to be women than men. There are demographic idiosyncrasies: Southerners are more partial to health tonics than other Americans; vitamin takers are more likely to be in the higher "socio-economic" brackets, and old people are more skeptical of medical blurbs than the young. But in general there is no definable type that's likely more than another to be taken in.

[An opinion test shows for example that 38 percent of the interviewees—representing about 48 million adults nationally—agreed that, "Most of the things that advertisements say about medicines and health aids must be true or they wouldn't be allowed to say them." (Another 34 percent disagreed "a little"; 28 percent disagreed "very much.") Evidently the credulous 38 percent were wrong, because the primary assumption of this study is that most patent medicines are unnecessary, and their promotion misleading.] Nowhere in the report do its authors demonstrate that patent medicines are fraudulent; "accepted medical opinion" seems to be their authority. Accepted opinion says that vitamins are useless for normal people, though 78 percent of the sample believed that taking vitamins would make them healthier than average. Roughly one-third of the users said they would take vitamins even if their doctor told them they were worthless. The report says that it's a myth that a normal person should have a daily bowel movement; but two-thirds of the sample believed this myth, and one-fourth said they used laxatives to achieve "regularity."

The report was more concerned that many people take these medicines without any convictions at all. Fifty-one percent said they took vitamin pills without expecting to improve their health. In the words of the report, "The statistical survey offers confirmation that many health practices are tried not because of a committed belief that they would help, but because they are 'just worth a try.'"

The study doesn't try to explain whether Americans have picked up these health fallacies from ads or other conveyors of superstition. However, it cites two general attitudes that contribute to the folly: "rampant empiricism" and the notion of "superhealth." The authors would have the government instruct people not to take medicines "just for a try," but to defer to expert opinion. This may be difficult: 62 percent of the sample agreed that "a lot of doctors are only interested in making money." Such irrational hostility should be discouraged, says the report, but the authors give no suggestions on how it's to be done. Secondly, they say, the public should be encouraged to abandon belief in "superhealth," a notion that good health "implies the absence of anxieties and the presence of happiness, contentment, and being at peace"; people should think realistically, not seek happiness in a bottle of Pepto Bismol.

The FDA is unable to express clearly what it intends to do with this report. A spokesman cited the vague comment of an assistant secretary at HEW who said it would provide useful "background for decisions in areas such as health and nutrition education and drug labeling." The authors of the report conclude that education is not the answer, because "supplying correct information does not solve the problem." So the government is back where it started seven years ago, having spent \$157,000, burdened now with scientific evidence that some people will buy drugs whether they need them or not.

The Talk of Mondale in '76

"I fully expect to see him running on a national ticket before his career is over." Ed Muskie used the line in four speeches describing Senator Walter F. Mondale as the two appeared before Minnesota audiences a week before the election. The same suggestion—that Mondale, a 44-year-old liberal running for his second full Senate term is presidential material—was echoed by Minnesota Congressmen John Blatnik ("one of the few true coming young leaders of our party") and Joe Karth ("some see even greater things for Mondale

... I'm in the forefront of them"). Hubert Humphrey, who tried unsuccessfully for the White House three times told a Polish audience in Minneapolis that Mondale deserved "a vote so big [in Minnesota] that it would send a big message across this country."

The message was sent. Mondale won easily—with 57 percent of the vote, five percent ahead of Nixon in Minnesota—but not as big as expected.

Were Muskie, Blatnik, Karth and Humphrey just indulging the customary political flattery? Perhaps a bit. For along with other Democratic leaders they recognize that Senator Edward Kennedy stands alone as the obvious presidential candidate for 1976. None of them would presume to get in his way; he has first call. "Who but Ted Kennedy has the base from which to enforce leadership?" Muskie asked recently as he looked back over his own unhappy experience in the primaries. And yet doubts persist that Kennedy wants the role being thrust upon him and does not plan to assert himself in the party's confused affairs. Such a hands-off course, they believe, would set the Democrats back down the same disastrous road that led to Nixon's coalition victory. Thus fearing both the new left and the old-guard labor they turn to such as Mondale in the Democratic middle.

Why Mondale? Why does the senator with eight years in Washington get singled out this early while others are passed by? There are a number of reasons. Mondale is smart, works hard, feels strongly on some bread-and-butter issues, has good political instincts, a capable and aggressive staff, excellent relations with the news media, a strong campaign presence and a sense of humor. He listens and he learns. He is also cautious. He is willing to compromise. He evokes memories of John Kennedy's enthusiasm and ambition, if not his patrician style.

Mondale's roots are with the party regulars; his mentor was Humphrey who picked him in 1964 to fill his seat in the Senate. And though Mondale took the lead on some unpopular mid-America issues—support of public school busing, for example—he is contemptuous of the "new left purists" who made such things as amnesty, abortion and legalized marijuana campaign issues.

A few days following Mondale campaigning in early November illustrated not only his appeal, but issues the Democratic Party could use to bring back voters who strayed this year.

"People politics" is Mondale's slogan. For labor he stressed job security and his work on legislation to protect private pension rights. Before businessmen he termed unemployment "a poison" and called for a rise in the minimum wage as a means to keep people off welfare. To the aged he spoke of the need for keeping increased social security benefits ("they gave it with one hand and took it away with the other") and additional assistance embodied in the Older American bill that Nixon vetoed. He called for an end to the

war (he came to that position late) and then made an impassioned plea for educational and medical benefits to "those boys we sent over there to fight for us who are entitled to the best we can offer." To firemen and policemen he talked about their 40-hour week and federal death benefits legislation. He described what he had done on busing, minority education, Indians, migrant workers and Eskimos with phrases such as "We haven't finished our jobs if we've just taken care of ourselves."

Wrapping it up was a plea for party loyalty spiced with a basic mistrust of Republicans. He delivered it all in earnest tones and growing emotion that occasionally—normally at the beginning—featured a well-delivered joke or bit of sarcasm. The relaxed warmth that marks a Kennedy is there only when the crowds are gone. The public gets what some call a "boy scout-like intensity." There is the tendency also to take unfair or inaccurate comment or criticism too seriously. Fair criticism of a national politician, Mondale will learn, is a luxury.

Talk of a national Democratic candidacy for Mondale began to build well before election day. And with it, hesitantly, almost invisibly, came the initial personal, political and staff pressures that grow up around the prospect that you will be running for—and perhaps winning—the presidency or the vice presidency. That calls for the most adroit running and blocking. How do you deal with questions about Teddy Kennedy? How big a part do you take in Democratic National Committee affairs? When do you accept an invitation for a television interview, a magazine profile? How much time do you spend on the road, away from the Senate? Where do you go and under whose auspices? On what issues do you take a lead?

What happens next? Mondale is heading south for a month's vacation in the Caribbean. His own inclination is to sit back and wait. The field for activism now is with Kennedy. Meanwhile the Mondale staff will watch the party battlefield, consult those seeking the Minnesotan's support and keep tabs on those acting on their own but using his name.

The first hint of Kennedy's inclinations should come at the December 9 meeting of the Democratic National Committee. The published purpose of the session is to select 25 at-large members to the enlarged committee (bringing it up to 303) and discuss future party operations. Moves are underway to gather votes for the "impeachment" of National Chairman Jean Westwood—that's the only way she can be removed from her four-year term of office voted last August at the Miami convention. To date, labor leaders such as Al Barkan of the AFL-CIO are providing the leadership. Such an event would be a first step in reviewing and revising party reforms that many Democrats—old guard and moderate—believe paved the way for this year's defeat.

Beyond the December 9 meeting there are other

critical decisions affecting both the congressional leadership and the party organization.

There are rumblings of dissatisfaction with House Speaker Carl Albert and some suggestion that he wants to step down voluntarily. Wilbur Mills would be the logical successor but House liberals are still angered at Mills' support of the President's \$250 billion budget ceiling. On the other side of the Capitol, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield is described as weary while Humphrey itches to take on the job. For a party that will be eight years out of the White House, a new team—reminiscent of Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson during the Eisenhower years—is thought desirable.

Finally there are the two party reform commissions—one under the UAW's Leonard Woodcock on the controversial question of convention delegate selection, the other under Terry Sanford drawing up a draft charter for a party, conference in 1974. Like it or not, the men interested in the 1976 party nomination have a lot riding on these decisions. The McGovern nomination proved that. If Kennedy fails to act, alone or in concert, the way will be open for Mondale and other "potentials" to move.

Walter Pincus

The Nixon Watch

More Than Ever

The signs and chants and songs said "Four More Years" and "Nixon Now, More than Ever," and in their idiotic way they provided a depressing indication of the kind of presidency that Richard Nixon is likely to give us in his second term. It predictably won't be very different from his first-term presidency unless more of the same, perhaps marked with a confident sense of rightness that was missing at the start of the Nixon tenure, is thought to constitute a meaningful difference. In the weeks between his renomination and his reelection, Mr. Nixon seemed to me to deny and defeat in advance of his victory whatever hopes there may have been that the mandate he sought and got would free him to be a more generous and compassionate, and in domestic affairs, a more creative President than he proved to be in the first term.

My own hopes along that line, and I had some, were dimmed well before the President in his few and cautious campaign utterances taught me once again (will I ever really learn?) that the qualities of generosity and compassion and true creativity that I as both citizen and journalist have wanted to discern in him simply are not there. The hopes faded when I went around the White House and its collateral offices, asking such assistants as I could get at what they expected from

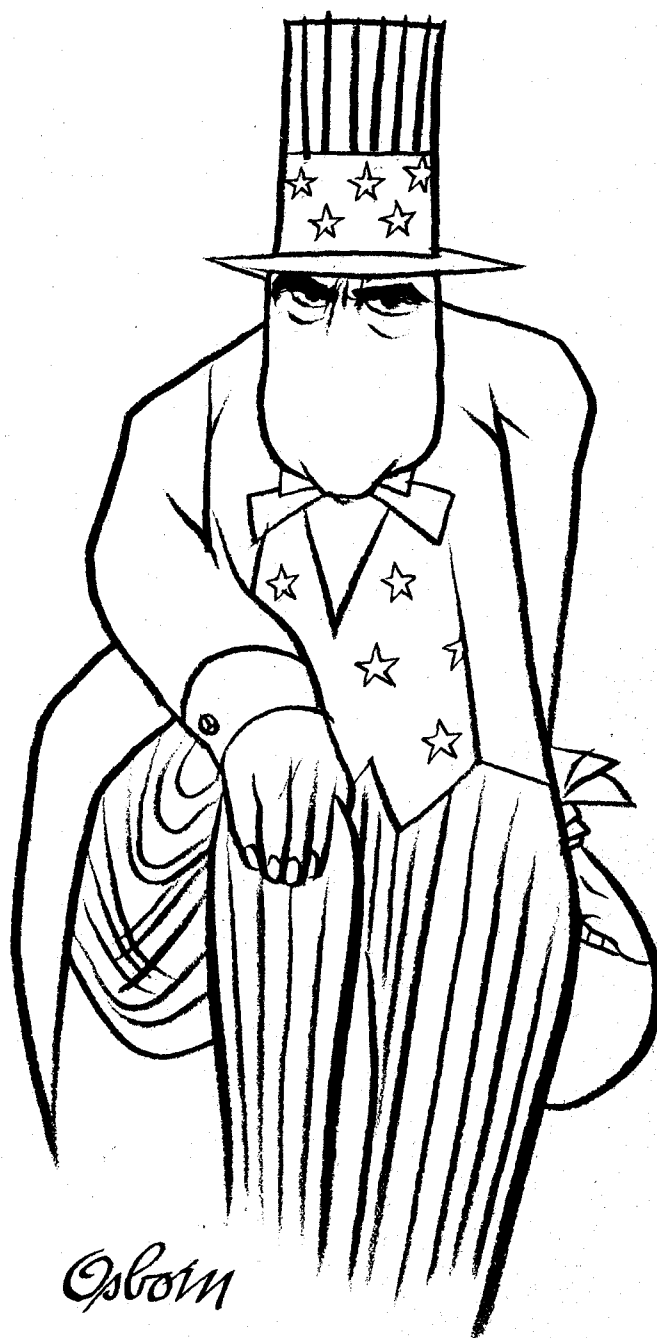
their President in a second term, assuming that he was reelected by a massive popular and electoral majority. Was I right or wrong, perceptive or gullible, in my supposition that a big win just might have a liberating (not necessarily a liberalizing) effect upon the President? My concern in these interviews was with Mr. Nixon's domestic attitudes and intentions rather than with his foreign policy—not in a wish to minimize his foreign successes but in a belief that it is at home, dealing with the social ills and strains of the country, that the President will be principally tested and should be principally judged in his second term. The consensus among my small but reasonably representative cross-section of White House assistants was that I was wrong and gullible. They thought it odd, and one or two thought it laughable, that I should consider it even remotely possible that the scope of a Nixon victory would affect the President's approach to domestic problems and his conception of his responsibilities and challenges at home in any material way.

At this time, soon after his renomination and before the President had begun the little conventional campaigning that he deigned to undertake, I was told again and again at the White House that Mr. Nixon believed that his primary duty as President in a second term, abroad and at home but especially at home, would be to respond to the majority will as he interpreted it and to shape and limit his initiatives accordingly. Stated in the way it was put, excluding as it did any domestic initiatives that were presupposed to offend the will and preferences of Mr. Nixon's "new majority," this seemed to me to be a notably restricted view of presidential leadership. I expected that the President would at least pretend to take a broader view of his responsibilities when and if he addressed himself to the subject for campaign purposes. In a broadcast on October 21, in radio time bought for him by his Committee for the Reelection of the President, Mr. Nixon proved his assistants to be entirely correct. He said that he was setting forth "my philosophy of government, so that the American people will know the principles which will guide me in making decisions over the next four years." The speech is a "must" document for anyone who wants to know what to expect of the reelected President, and I here accord it the attention that it should have received and didn't when it was delivered.

Mr. Nixon framed his remarks in the context of what he called the "basic human values" of "good, decent people" who should stop "letting themselves be bulldozed by anybody who presumes to be the self-righteous moral judge of our society." People who resist higher taxes and "income redistribution," object to the busing of their children from neighborhood schools to other schools, and oppose employment quotas for the benefit of the previously disadvantaged ought not—he said—to be accused of selfishness, bigotry and racism. On the contrary, he said, their

values are "values to be proud of—values that I shall always stand up for when they come under attack." In this context, he then said: "The rights of each minority must be vigorously defended—and each minority must be protected in the opportunity to have its opinion become accepted as the majority view. But on these basic concerns, the majority view must prevail, and leadership in a democracy is required to respond to that view." And again: "... you can be sure of this: on matters affecting basic human values—on the way Americans live their lives and bring up their children—I am going to respect and reflect the opinion of the people themselves."

The President's espousal of these sentiments obviously won him the votes of millions of "good, decent people" who believe with reason that their interests have been ignored and their values have been



scorned in the name of social and racial reform. But Mr. Nixon did not stop there. With his usual genius for oblique and foggy indictment of those who differ with him, he suggested that a more positive leadership than the kind he offers may come only from arrogant types who "believe that the people just do not know what is good for them" and who "have more faith in government than they have in people." His mistaken and distorted view of the alternatives open to him was expressed in these terms: "A leader must be willing to take unpopular stands when they are necessary. But a leader who insists on imposing on the people his own ideas of how they should live their lives—when those ideas go directly contrary to the values of the people themselves—does not understand the role of a leader in a Democracy."

A President who supposes and in effect asserts that the only alternative to submission to the perceived will of the majority is the imposition of ideas that offend the majority does not understand the role of a leader in a democracy. By definition, a President who is so limited in his concept of the duties and powers of his office is not a leader. Presidents have very little power to impose. Trusted Presidents have immense power to persuade. Such a President might find it both necessary and feasible to tell his majority, as Mr. Nixon manifestly never will, that much of the opposition to higher taxes is selfish; that much of the resistance to busing for the integration of public schools is bigoted; and that racism is an element in much of the opposition to employment quotas for the benefit of black and other minorities. In the guise of respect for "the values of the people themselves," Mr. Nixon forgoes his duty

and neglects his power to persuade the people who comprise his majority that the good of society may require measures that they do not welcome and have not mandated him to propose.

Much will be heard from the Nixon White House in the next few weeks, and much will be written, about the domestic programs that the reelected President intends to submit to Congress in 1973. Mr. Nixon will be preparing to test the proposition that the enormous popular majority conferred upon him by the electorate on November 7 gives him a leverage with the Democratic Congress that he has not previously had. The public will be suffocated with punditry to the effect that the leverage won't amount to much, given the election evidence that Mr. Nixon's appeal to the voters did other Republican candidates very little good and Democratic candidates for Congress very little harm. The President said over and over during the campaign that his first domestic purpose was to avoid new taxes and that he wasn't going to propose "bold new programs" that would require new or higher taxes. But neither the fiscal hold-down nor the possibility that Congress will pay less heed to his mandate than Mr. Nixon thinks it should is the factor chiefly making for a bleak and narrow second term, domestically speaking. The chief depressant is the reelected President's notion that leadership consists of determining what the majority wants and offering it nothing in the way of programs and ideas that he isn't sure it wants. Whatever else may be said for this conception of presidential responsibility, it is not a way to make the next four years "the best four years in the whole history of America."

John Osborne

Learning the Lesson of 1972

The Very Last Hurrah

by Paul R. Wieck

It cost Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley a cool 100 grand to stage his extravaganza for George McGovern the Friday night before the election. He didn't ask for a cent from the McGovernites; instead, he played the indulgent father figure for thousands of young people who filled the seats usually reserved for his sanitation workers. They leapt to their feet, fingers thrust out in

that familiar peace sign, and cheered the mayor's introduction of their hero. Inside the packed hall, Daley tried to "get the juices running" for a last weekend of frantic canvassing with ethnic dancers, a rock band and Warren Beatty. Outside, thousands more lined the streets with red flares to light the way for the McGovern caravan. As the candidate stepped from his car to the

cheers of Daley's crowd, a fine fireworks display was set off over the shore front, one of the nicest since LBJ's coronation in Atlantic City in 1964. The young whose older brothers and sisters were beat up by Daley's police four years ago were duly appreciative, except for a minor lapse of manners when they booed the party's candidate for state's attorney, Edward Hanrahan. (He lost.)

Daley had become something of a folk hero in the Chicago headquarters of McGovern. Their traditional allies in Independent Voters of Illinois (IVI) and the Independent Precinct Organization (IPO), which spawned early McGovern backers such as Alderman William Singer, were regarded as a bit of a drudge. Daley drew open praise for his political acumen from Gene Pokorney, the unassuming and capable young Nebraskan who was sent to Illinois after Miami Beach.

It did no good either for Daley or the McGovernites. Instead of getting the huge majorities Daley's captains normally produce for Democratic presidential candidates, McGovern barely carried Chicago while Daley's candidate for state's attorney, Edward Hanrahan, went down to defeat and the Republican, backed by IPO and IVI, was elected along with Democratic gubernatorial nominee Dan Walker, the choice of all the groups. In short, the voters were highly selective in Illinois and elsewhere.

Across the country, McGovernites had turned hopefully to party pros for help in the closing weeks. In North Carolina, Sen. Sam Ervin (D) stumped the state trying to pull the McGovern vote up so senatorial candidate Nick Galifianakis wouldn't have such a deficit to overcome. He failed. In New Mexico, Sen. Joe Montoya (D) disappeared into "the North" of his state to campaign from village to village, begging his Spanish cousins to stick with the party and help elect his friend, Jack Daniels, to the Senate. He failed. Arkansas joined the rest of the South in giving the Nixon-Agnew ticket a clean sweep, establishing once again the "Solid South" but for a different party.

It was a salvage operation and some will say it worked. It saved the Congress and let the boys in the White House know their impressive sweep of the popular vote and the electoral college didn't include the congressional mandate accorded to FDR and LBJ.

McGovern didn't falter in spirit, didn't give way to the waves of depression that must have threatened to engulf him with every new pessimistic report from the pollsters (in the end, they proved to be on the generous side), the columnists, the party "pros." Perhaps it was the crowds, large and responsive but almost always young that sustained him with their loud and obsessive chant—"We Want George." But it was also his infinite capacity for righteous indignation which drove McGovern on and on until the polls, themselves, had closed in his native South Dakota.

Only the Friday night before the election, when the press covering him was still chattering about his off-

color exchange with a heckler the day before, McGovern used some of the harshest language of the campaign to tell the people their hopes for peace in Vietnam had been "betrayed," that the highly publicized peace negotiations conducted by Henry Kissinger were merely "a detour around the election." This warning, like his earlier ones, fell on deaf ears. This last-minute escalation of campaign rhetoric was described as "high risk poker" by Pokorney. To Frank Mankiewicz, it was exposing what he called "a hoax." I doubt whether the timing of the administration's peace overtures added much to Nixon's huge majority, but it did draw attention away from issues such as the Watergate affair.

Defeat was inherent in the way McGovern and his aides put their campaign together, starting 22 months ago. It was during those long months of trudging from campus to campus that McGovern, himself, established the bias which was eventually to infect the public mind and deny him a real chance. He promised "amnesty" and an end to the war, recruiting to his cause left-wing activists who were to embarrass the campaign in its later stages by open and loud advocacy of their own lifestyles. At a state level, they passed resolutions favoring legalization of marijuana and sexual acts between consenting adults, of abortion on demand. Never mind that McGovern didn't repeat what they said. The suspicion that he was "a radical" backed by radical elements was implanted in the minds of the electorate. His amnesty position was a drag on the campaign to the very end. A cardinal rule of politics was violated: Don't throw advanced or nonconformist social issues into the public forum where the masses of voters must rule on them. They'll not only resent it but the response will always be on an emotional level; in the end the decision will go overwhelmingly against those who push that which is new or different. In contrast, these same issues can be handled in the legislative arena, often with great success.

For a time in the spring, it looked like McGovern would emerge as a genuine "protest" candidate, capable of tapping the deep social alienation of a middle class which is threatened by growing crime, burdened by unfair tax laws and bothered by pollution, inadequate health care, poor public transportation and bumper-to-bumper traffic on the highways, substantial unemployment, inflation and even poor service from the appliance repairman. The mood is angry. If there are to be "new priorities," they'd like to have them apply to themselves, not just to the oppressed. If a new incomes policy is to be devised, they don't want relief for welfare clients, they want their own tax burden for schools, hospitals, roads, police, libraries relieved a bit. If the Pentagon is to be cut back, let the cut be reflected in their property taxes.

McGovern used the property tax argument with great effect in Wisconsin. It didn't conflict with the

prevailing "work ethic" of the country; it wasn't designed to favor one group over another and it promised blessed relief to the hard-pressed blue-collar workers.

Before the spring ended, he'd blown it with his disastrous and ill-conceived welfare plan (\$1000 per person) which he later publicly discarded. But it gave the public a hint of his views on that subject and they didn't forget. Contrast it with the Nixon administration's Family Assistance Plan (FAP), itself designed to do much the same thing—ease some of the conflict between the working poor and the welfare poor and streamline the whole welfare system while keeping public attention on something called "workfare." True, it was cynical to talk about "workfare" when unemployment was so high, however, the Nixonites were able to so diffuse the issue that the masses of voters never did get a clear idea of the cost of the program or the millions of additional working poor who'd get some relief.

The welfare debacle had an even more serious impact. It cost McGovern his credibility on the whole range of issues—incomes policy, tax reform, unemployment, inflation. Because his first tax reform proposals were tied, in the public mind, to his welfare proposals, any serious mention of tax reform or welfare reminded voters of earlier proposals they found unacceptable.

It had one further, equally serious, result. It was the first time McGovern, as a candidate rather than as an incumbent, had to change his mind publicly. The Eagleton affair followed closely on the heels of this first public about-face and the image of McGovern as indecisive was firmly implanted. That's not the kind of man the alienated middle class puts its trust in, and they made that very clear on election night when McGovern not only failed to pull normal Democratic majorities out of working-class strongholds but actually lost cities like New York and Cleveland and was reduced to modest majorities in places like Philadelphia. Only Boston with its deep dislike of Nixon (he ran against John Kennedy, you'll recall) and Washington, DC stayed with McGovern.

After the Eagleton affair, the McGovern campaign never found a sense of direction, never again gave the masses of voters a real reason to support the McGovern-Shriver ticket. Nixon did. He came up with a startling series of public scandals—Watergate, the ITT affair, the grain deal, the \$10 million in unaccounted-for campaign funds. All other things being equal, these moral lapses combined with unemployment, inflation, the attempts to pack the Supreme Court with mediocre men, should have been enough despite a positive record in the foreign policy field (if one excepts Vietnam). All other things weren't equal. McGovern's image was so bad in so many segments of society that Nixon was never required to come forward and explain himself. In 1964, Johnson should have been made to

explain his connections with Bobby Baker. He wasn't. Why? Because his opponent was Barry Goldwater who was never a credible candidate and spoke only to a minority of the electorate who turned out in large numbers to cheer him.

One of the disappointing aspects of the last weeks was the failure of the McGovern people to learn the lesson they had helped teach the party "pros," namely: The old political ties, be they ethnic, religious or partisan, no longer bind most voters. Instead of accepting the validity of their own proof, they tried to rebuild their fortunes on this same discredited foundation. In New York City, which the Democratic presidential candidate lost for the first time since 1924, McGovern started playing the ethnic game six weeks before the election, not realizing these same voters were really concerned with crime "in the streets and in the schools." He ignored the basically middle-class aspirations of large numbers of minority voters—black and brown.

To suggest nothing has been gained from the 1972 experience would be unfair. The Democratic Party has been opened to fuller participation by all groups, a development which will serve the party well in the coalition building which must be resumed. It would be a mistake, as the McGovernites must realize anew today, to try to go back to the old methods of building a coalition through party bosses and ethnic appeals. It did absolutely no good in the closing weeks.

The McGovernites also showed the party that a campaign can be financed and manned at a grass-roots level. Their direct mail campaign netted between 14 and 15 million dollars; their state organizations largely financed themselves and a huge number of store-fronts. The total funding probably exceeded \$25 million. It's a solid base for the future. Add to this the incredible outpouring of workers who canvassed, ran the store-fronts, set up the rallies and you have an extensive network for another day.

By 1976, the forces seeking change through the Democratic Party must find a way of tapping middle-class discontent and develop programs that span race and class barriers. For instance, the choice in the area of law and order is probably between suppression and a realistic and tough program that makes solid progress in reducing crime without raping the civil liberties of the people. It will be welcomed in suburb and ghetto alike. Tax and income policies must be approached without violating the "work ethic," at the same time providing opportunity for the disadvantaged. If this is not done because it offends the purity syndrome of left-wing opinionmakers, we face the only other alternative—a permanent moderate-to-conservative majority rooted in almost solid support in the South, the West, the industrial areas of the Midwest and East. Good intentions, even a compassionate candidate, will not prevent it. Only workable solutions the majority can accept.

Nickels and Dimes

Proxmire's Priorities

by Tom Geoghegan

People in Washington love to pass William Proxmire by, they in their cars, he jogging to his office; he's the Loch Ness of Washington folklore, trotting between the buses and trees in the city's morning mist. Like Kennedy, Proxmire elicits gossip, most of it about some terrible self-inflicted punishment: the push-ups, the running, the stupefying 18-hour work days. He sometimes generates bad copy himself, as when one of his press releases makes a point too brutally. But at his desk, surrounded by portraits of his handsome children, he strikes one as unnaturally calm, and though demanding, also kind in a detached way.

Lately he's become a health food freak, heavy into Zen meditation, it is said, but the sort of Zen Buddhist who regularly reads *True* magazine and *Aviation Week*. Seeing him closeup, you almost forget to notice the famous hair transplant, much more discreet than the press led you to expect—and then you realize how much he needed it. A few strands of gold-brown hair soften the bald chill that had made him seem like a bookkeeper. You are charmed by the easy and prosperous grace of . . . well, senatorial seniority: the knowledge of power now and to come.

If Proxmire is still a maverick, he has become, since the SST, the Senate's most effective one. And that, according to Howard Shuman, his administrative assistant, is because he now has seniority: "the media love him because the media worship power." Because of seniority, he chairs a subcommittee in Appropriations and ranks second on Banking and Currency ("It'd be a reign of terror on Wall Street," one aide whistles, "if Proxmire ever got the chairman's job from Sparkman."). But seniority has come after 15 years' homework, especially on the Joint Economic Committee where as chairman Proxmire shovels out tables and figures breaking down the budget and runs a little seminar on economic policy. He is often all alone in these committee hearings, looking like a schoolmaster, treating witnesses as faculty (they often are), and assigning the budget as a reading list. It is here, some colleagues claim, that Proxmire discovered, if he did not invent, the issue of "priorities."

Proxmire approaches "reordering priorities" from somewhere to the right of John Stuart Mill: spending is a science, not a lump of dollar signs to be added or subtracted, depending on who is in power. He complains that the budget (the "priorities document" itself) is a systems analyst's nightmare, full of munici-

pal bond write-offs and foreign aid bonanzas, \$37 billion in unreviewable "tax expenditures," another \$175 billion listed as uncontrollable by law—like the \$14 billion for Medicare, which Proxmire blames on lax administrators and plundering physicians. Neither the Executive nor Congress is organized to make spending "cost-effective." That rankles him.

It is the Joint Economic Committee which started political debate on the "big sleepers"—tax subsidies, military procurement, "priorities" themselves. The McGovern campaign leaned heavily on JEC staff reports, especially in its pitch for tax reform last spring. Proxmire may behave at times like one of The Sons of the Wild Jackass, a populist demagogue railing against new taxes that "responsible" politicians accept as "inevitable" (he voted for Nixon's \$250 billion ceiling and griped it should have been lower), but he is no populist; he's just the Senate's best (and only) political economist, and his critique of pork barrel Keynesians is more scholarly than his press releases suggest.

Though he holds the seat of the old progressive, Robert LaFollette, he has a curious, almost cynical disdain for the usual progressive credentials. "I was anything but a natural people's choice, carpetbagging into Wisconsin . . . with business and public administration degrees from Harvard." Before entering politics, he "was not just on Wall Street, but with J. P. Morgan and Company. How do you like that for a 'liberal Democrat'!" Early in his career he was known in Wisconsin as "billion dollar Bill,"—fighting the big spenders. He takes a connoisseur's delight in money prudently used. The Depression, he believes, accustomed liberals to regard any public expenditure as in the public interest. Jerry Jasenowski, a JEC staff economist, notes, "Liberal Keynesians kept saying, 'The public sector is starved.' Whenever there was a problem, say, with housing, you simply pointed money in the direction of the problem, no matter how complex its social design." The result was "to reinforce the most irresponsible kind of political behavior. They were for every expenditure and . . . every tax break."

Proxmire is a throwback to the 19th-century liberal science of political economy, perhaps the only senator who fondly alludes to Ricardo, Marshall and Pigou. If he has any modern mentor it is Paul Douglas of Illinois, a professional economist who had ties of his own to this academic tradition. Douglas, as Proxmire puts it, would complain that his liberal friends "reacted like

Pavlov's dogs: say spend and they salivated." He and Douglas, Proxmire believes, have asked more profound questions: How do programs work? What are their objectives? Which groups pay? Which income groups benefit? As late as 1960, Proxmire notes in *Uncle Sam: Last of the Big-Time Spenders*, "it was virtually impossible to get reputable economists to criticize the quality of federal spending." Lately, Jasenowski adds, "the Keynesians are starting to catch up with Proxmire on the 'priorities' issue." It shocks Proxmire, though, that the JEC seems to break so much new ground. Last January, for example, the committee released the first monograph in the English language on the federal subsidy program that runs the taxpayer annually over \$63 billion, feeding data on corporate taxes and "all that Pechman stuff" directly into presidential primaries.

One of Proxmire's favorite statistics—he loves to rattle off numbers in debate, especially if he can do it *ex tempore*—compares the rate of return on government investment with the rate of return on private investment. (The public sector falls short by five percentage points.) Rather than spend tax money to reach a social goal, he urges the use of tax policy to the same end. It is more efficient, he insists, to tax polluters than to shovel \$24 billion from the Treasury for clean-up. Take Proxmire's case against the "tax write-off," or to use his technical term, the "tax expenditure." Deductions for mortgage interest rates, for example, subsidize those who are already well-housed; it doesn't help the low-income tenant. The equity is barbarous, and the whole tax break is impossible to review on any regular basis. Other liberals will admit this, but then argue that it is the most expedient way to get housing to the poor in a country where the public won't support a massive program of direct expenditures.

Proxmire hates that kind of spending, encourages the public to hate it, because he feels that vested interests have taken over the government. He talks as if he would like to shut down the government for a year, find out where "the bodies are buried," then build a budget carefully from zero. He quotes a Brookings estimate, made by Charles Schultze, that existing programs will "eat up every dime" of new federal revenues for the next three years. Liberal colleagues say they are against waste, but then, as Proxmire sees it, they pour all their energies into new initiatives like revenue sharing and health care that could add over \$100 billion to a swollen budget. Don't they know there's a tax revolt on?

All summer Democrats fought the Nixon expenditure ceiling, always in the name of Congress' historical power of the purse. "All that talk about Magna Carta," Proxmire sniffs. He fought the ceiling too, at first—he wanted it lowered from \$250 billion to \$240 billion, maliciously intrigued by the idea of forcing Nixon, once he had gutted HEW, to whack into Pentagon waste. Even the most loyal JEC staff members won-

dered about that ploy; with unemployment at 5.5 percent, it was a crude way to force the White House to set priorities—*any* priorities, it seemed, even the wrong ones—or failing that, to attack the Republicans as the big spenders. Proxmire would love to put his party on record against "big spending," and it angers him to see Nixon exploit it.

Worst of all, the extra spending won't even dent the rate of unemployment. Proxmire wants *sophisticated* spending—on public-service jobs, spending that starts fast and "automatically tapers off as the economy recovers." Most government spending has a long lead time, Shuman says, "and the big public works projects are never in Detroit, you know, employing the unemployed. They're all out in New Mexico somewhere." Proxmire warms up when he describes the low yield of the pork barrel: "The government sinks millions out there to make bananas grow on Pike's Peak." To reach full employment, Congress must learn where to allocate resources and when to *raise* taxes.

No doubt, partly because of Proxmire, liberals are more wary these days about such "liberal pork barrels" as urban renewal and foreign aid. As chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee on foreign aid, Proxmire attacked foreign economic aid as a public works boondoggle; it all goes abroad to what Shuman calls "the damn highway lobby, just like our own." At home these programs redistribute income to Chase Manhattan, Caterpillar Tractor and shipping owners. By and large, liberals in the Senate have accepted this view. They are skittish, however, when Proxmire tries to quantify the costs and benefits of such social experiments as aid to education, where no one is sure what the benefits to be measured are.

Now, the senator is not quite the Wall Street tough guy he pretends to be, but in his battle with the Pentagon, that reputation is his *only* resource. The JEC has no legislative or subpoena powers; it can only make raids on the jurisdiction of the powerful Armed Services Committee. The raids are usually rebuffed; for all the JEC's fine political economists, they depend largely on leaks and dumb luck. Against the C-5A, for example, Proxmire might have wasted his time if Ernest Fitzgerald, a cost accountant for the air force, had not defected to the right side, at the right time. (The C-5A won; Fitzgerald lost his job.) But Proxmire has helped to demythologize the military, while demanding a "leaner and tougher" armed forces.

Proxmire took over from Douglas the subcommittee on economy in government, renamed it priorities and economy in government, and moved into military procurement policy. In the political economy of defense, he tends to avoid proposing across-the-board cuts, for he believes it's not the size of the budget but its cost-effectiveness that counts. What impresses Richard Kaufmann, the head of the JEC staff, is the "real sense of carry-over" these themes and issues have now produced in the Congress. In House Armed

Services, Mr. Hebert is railing against Litton Industries; on House Appropriations Chairman Mahon cut defense appropriations by \$5 billion last summer. At the time of the C-5A debate, senators like Symington began to sit in on JEC hearings and would later refer to military procurement policy in debates over ABM.

"But he's not against war," a Wisconsin liberal dove moaned, "he's just against expensive wars." A stark black-and-white poster hangs in Proxmire's office: NATIONAL DEFENSE IS OUR LIFE INSURANCE POLICY. WE MUST BE #1. The first time he spotted the poster, one aide said, "I thought it was a joke. But to Proxmire it's no joke." He has an appalling command of missile statistics and kill-ratios, one of the few "doves" who can hold his own trading acronyms and military trivia with Senator Jackson. "He's moved from military procurement," says the aide, "to being an expert on over-all strategy. He can tell you just how many aircraft-carriers he wants to have and just how we should deploy our deterrent." Indeed Proxmire seems to worry much more about SALT II these days than about contract performance, trying to educate the Senate on the technical advantages the US has over the USSR: the MIRVing of Poseidon and Minuteman III, greater targeting flexibility due to the use of solid propellants, a superior early warning system and twice the number of targeted nuclear strategic weapons. Rather than "counting launchers and adding up megatonnage," Proxmire has been urging the Senate to consider his more realistic strategic comparisons. He pushed hard to keep the US from developing an effective "damage-limiting" defense like ABM, not because he thought it might flop but because he thought it might work, and because he believes that you don't build a stable deterrence by destroying the other side's ability to retaliate. He hankers after that perfect deterrent: invulnerable, cost-effective, and technologically stable. The Trident program fascinated him, not just as a political economist but as a military strategist, until the navy pushed it through the roof. "A 900 percent increase in funding," he complains, "it was so absurd." It was also embarrassing. When other liberals raised a howl over the submarine, Proxmire sheepishly joined them. After all, he was supposed to be their champion, and though he might have preferred to go after the B-1, he smelled success on Trident. It was strange to see him attacking a weapon he believes in—most of them, he thinks, aren't built chiefly for defense. The Pentagon simply wants to hold onto all the budget it can.

Proxmire honestly means a "leaner and tougher" army, run by generals who like to make forced marches. Anyway, he says there are too many generals—21 in the defense supply department—and the Pentagon has 12 times as many colonels as it did at the end of World War II. "It's getting like the Mexican army," Proxmire snaps.

With all his concern for "priorities" within the defense budget, though, it was not Proxmire but McGovern who drew up the first counterbudget. Any counterbudget gives Proxmire joy, but he could not accept this one. He would cut the Pentagon down to only \$70 billion, a deep cut if one considers the budget will rise in two years to \$88 billion. A Proxmire budget, it is safe to say, would earmark more money for combat troops. But a Proxmire budget would probably have to wait for a Proxmire President. Congress is hopelessly organized to deal with "priorities," and Proxmire can only fry so many fish. It's relatively easy to monitor a Pentagon contract or to inquire why the Pentagon needs to develop three different types of close-support aircraft, but Proxmire has to worry about overextending himself. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird once took him aside for some friendly advice. "'Bill, you should develop your own staff of cost accountants [at the JEC],' he told me. 'You shouldn't go stealing data from our cost accountants.'" Proxmire, who thought it wonderful advice, tried to hire three professional economists and some secretarial help, but the House cut him down to one man.

Tough as it is to fight the Pentagon, it's rougher to wrangle with tax "loopholes and truck holes." Proxmire recalls the crowded end of the 92nd Congress, when he filibustered a battery of tax breaks for charities and business. "Hansen (R, Wyo.) has some give-away for the Shriners, but all you hear about, of course, is all these little children and their burns." Usually overflowing with senatorial courtesy, Proxmire has bitter words about the kind of men who make tax policy on Senate Finance—a committee assignment he tried long and hard to land.

Some in the Senate call him a grandstander. For word count in *The New York Times*, hardly anyone there can match Proxmire. Even when he is on vacation, the office press mill grinds out its daily grist. He cares about his releases, often conferring with his staff on the best way to word a punch line. But the careful analytical work of the JEC is among what he calls "the great unread literature of the world," and in trying to popularize the work of Proxmire the political economist, Proxmire the politician risks vulgarizing it. In the last Senate election the Proxmire sticker read: Waste Will Bury Us. It looked weird on the bumper of a Wisconsin car, and it seemed to invite a taxpayer revolt against government itself. That does not seem to worry Proxmire. He puts through his share of progressive legislation—like the fair credit reporting act of 1970—but few spending bills have his name on them. Committed to ceilings, he feels obliged to live by that commitment on every measure. It extends beyond pieties about Pentagon waste (he coined them, after all) to Social Security boosts, minimum income and health care—programs he distrusts, even while he votes for them. He votes for them because there's nothing else a Wall Street radical from Wisconsin can do.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Two English Girls

(Janus)

Big Book News

François Truffaut's new film is based on the second novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, author of *Jules and Jim*. That second novel, we're told, was an attempt to explore truthfully the experiences from which the first novel was fabricated. To judge by the film, it doesn't do any such thing; but it produces the best Truffaut picture since the other Roché adaptation in 1961.

Again with Jean Gruault as his script collaborator, Truffaut uses the rhythms, lifts, delays and ellipses that constitute his now-familiar style. The story begins at about the same time as the first film but ends much sooner. Claude, a young, fairly well-to-do art critic and novelist, meets an English girl named Anne in Paris, then visits her and her sister Muriel and their mother in Wales. An engagement is almost maneuvered between Claude and Muriel, but not quite. During the next seven years, with settings in Paris and Switzerland, Claude deflowers both sisters; Anne dies and Muriel marries someone else. In an epilogue 15 years later, Claude wanders through a group of school children in Paris, wondering whether one of them is Muriel's daughter.

The main resemblance between the scripts of the two related films is the use of narration (spoken by Truffaut?). It's spoken rapidly and impersonally—mere reporting—to cover time lapses, to describe hidden feelings, sometimes even to condense the very scene at which we are looking and whose dialogue we can't hear. Truffaut thus uses words as a species of montage—a device that in the usual visual terms he often used earlier, here hardly at all. But once again he builds his story in separated blocks, fading to black after a number of scenes—sometimes in the middle of scenes—as a means of punctuation. It's all pleasant enough and moderately stimulating.

Only his persistent use of the iris is an egregious affectation.

The general tone is much like the earlier film: a surface of restraint through which flames of passion are sometimes allowed to leap; decorum and amity as a medium for sex; character stated, rather than developed; and the characters themselves very conscious of being "characters" in the Victorian sense. This method works only if arbitrary actions add up to understanding. But here, as in so many *New Yorker* stories, they do not. Characters simply *behave*: unexpectedly, quietly, and are understood only by other characters, not by us. If action-as-flourish is done with enough bravado, it sometimes cows the viewer or reader into believing that the author has deep psychological penetration. Most of the time, as here, it seems a kind of arty four-flushing. For instance, how does Claude know, when at last he goes to bed with the virgin Muriel, that she intends this as a one-night matter only, not an affair? The "deepness" of insight everywhere is pretty shallow.

Nor is this film credible as a "source" for *Jules and Jim*. Yes, it's about a trio (though differently composed), but the real point of the earlier film—confirmed for me by repeated viewings—is that Catherine is a psychopathic destroyer who kills one man and ravages the life of another, a female revenging herself on the brutally domineering world of men with the only means at her disposal, and doing it with the spirit and caprice that men seem to *want* in their destroyers. Claude bears no such reverse relation to the two English girls: he is as much the victim as victimizer. Anne dies of tuberculosis, he doesn't kill her.

And Muriel, though she suffers a good deal, principally through her own romanticism, ends up better off than the finally lonely Claude.

Then what *is* the film about? Contrast of national customs and mores? Nothing new here, too weak a subject. Change of male-female attitudes through the era? Too oblique; *unavoidable* in any film covering these years. Maturation of a French mother's-boy? Claude is pretty much the same at the end as at the beginning.

No, none of these nor the fabricated "deepness" of the psychology is the subject; the real subject is charm. This has always been Truffaut's best accomplishment, with the arguable exception of *The 400 Blows*; and since *Jules and Jim* it has moved from being his method to his subject. He is now in the Charm Business. Period pictures are obviously best for that trade, and this is his first romantic period piece since *Jules and Jim*; thus it's his best film since that one, though not nearly as good.

Again he has George Delerue's music, again not nearly as good as before but apposite. (Delerue makes a brief appearance as a lawyer.) Speaking of sound, I can't recall another soundtrack that has made such insistent use of bird-song. Part of the Charm Business, of course, but Truffaut is good at his job. There are many lovely touches. One example: When Anne and Claude go to an island in a Swiss lake for their first bedding, the camera floats past their cabin in one long leisurely take as they busy themselves around the place and as the narrator explains how they are accommodating to one another. Their activity,

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Chloe in the Afternoon. Eric Rohmer's sixth Moral Tale concludes his series of gentle, esthetic insistences that there is more to love and sex than modernist reductions.

The Emigrants. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullman in a well-made narrative of Swedes leaving Sweden for the US in 1844.

The Ruling Class. Peter O'Toole and a superb cast in a messy but well-written satire about a religious maniac who succeeds to an earldom.

La Salamandre. A funny, grave, important film. Two TV documentary writers want to write a script about a

workingclass girl, but here reality is too much for them. Swiss, believe it or not.

A Sense of Loss. Marcel Ophuls, who also made the next film on the list, supplies information and perception on the hell in Northern Ireland.

The Sorrow and the Pity. Four and a half fine hours of documentary about wartime France and some survivors.

Young Winston. Early Churchill adventures make a passable adventure film that goes up to the first cigar. Simon Ward particularly good.

SK

Kenneth Evelt on art

Wild Man From Cody

Hero worship and forbearance carried B.H. Friedman through his first encounter with Jackson Pollock: the painter came in drunk, lumbered around the apartment eyeing the art work, responded impartially to the conversation and the paintings on the wall with the word "shit," used plain or in combination, and seemed on the verge of violence until his wife firmly advised him to "come off it" and led him away to take a nap. Later he emerged looking "gentler," joined the rest of the party for dinner, and at last they all wound up at the Cedar Bar, where he got drunk and quarrelsome all over again.

The polarities of his nature echo throughout Friedman's book, *Jackson Pollock: Energy Made Visible* (McGraw-Hill; \$10). A man at war with himself, Pollock oscillated between anger and affection. When drinking he was "bad Jackson," an aggressive boor; when sober, "good Jackson," responsive and vulnerable. (In photographs he looks like a wounded but intensely combative animal.) He lived on the borderline, with periodic visits to psychiatrists and other head healers. But despite his unpredictable extremes of behavior, he must have had great magnetism. So he upset the dinner table and sent the roast beef, beer bottles and cutlery flying, yelled obscenities and got in fights. His many friends either enjoyed the excitement, wrote him off or forgave him.

For many artists of his own generation, his fierce, singleminded creative drive was a model of independence, and for younger painters his assault on conventions and subsequent international acclaim made him a liberating hero. This wild, hard-drinking, foul-mouthed WASP from Cody had a powerful impact on New York Jewish intellectuals. He said to one of them, "You know more, but I feel more." He came on as a rough, tough artist-athlete who

constantly broke training and got away with it. When he said, "I can piss on the whole world," he expressed a personal truth. For him, the act of painting was a venting, purgative and relieving gesture of letting it all go, and his work struck a basic chord of bodily response in viewers from Rome to Tokyo. However, when the powers of the international art establishment embraced his rebellion and sanctioned it with purchases and coverage in the mass media, he was undone, destroyed by his personal conflicts and the demands made on him by the very audience whose recognition he once craved.

Friedman's view of Pollock's life is primarily focused on events that occurred in that American province bounded by the Cedar Bar on University Place, galleries on 57th Street, and East Hampton, Long Island, during the '40s and '50s. In that small area and brief period, a group of painters and writers formed the New York School. Pollock was a charter member. Although the initiates often argued vigorously and even came to blows, all shared a messianic belief in abstract painting, a chauvinist emphasis on the American character of their work, and a preoccupation with their roles in art history. The writer-protagonists of the New York School not only invented instant art history, with its self-fulfilling prophecies, they helped invent the artists as well. Certainly the writing of Greenberg and Rosenberg provided a formidable rationale for the New York School and put it across in the art biz world of dealers, museum curators, collectors and critics. Friedman gives a solemn account of Pollock's progress through that slough of despond, with many quotations from art reviews that are as dated and pretentious as only that kind of writing can be. He quotes Rosenberg's clever but untrue statement that action painting had "broken down every distinction between art and life." He includes the ironic Italian comments of the Venetian critic Alfieri: "No picture is more automatic, involuntary, surrealist, introverted, and pure than a picture by Pollock . . . I refer to real surrealism which is nothing but uncontrolled impulse."

Now, some 15 years later, we may wonder at the ruckus caused by Pollock's radical gesture. No school of any significance developed from his drip painting process, even though hordes of incompetent Sunday painters imitated his abandon. In a historic sense,

Pollock was a sport. Attempts to tuck him into a pattern of art history continuity deny his work's and life's meaning.

Pollock said, "I am nature," and it is true that in the act of painting he shed the inhibiting limits of civilization (rationality, a sense of tradition) and became an instrument of natural process—like a bird defecating random patterns on a rock or geologic action producing the complex rhythms of marble. When his trance-like creative dance was over, there remained only a minor matter of trimming and signing. In his process of dripping contradictory tangles of paint, Pollock produced the hermetic surfaces and undifferentiated expanses of his most characteristic work. Because these configurations are largely without two-dimensional tension or spatial significance, I regard them simply as energetic, hypnotic decoration. When Pollock undertook the real risks of the game, as in early work like "She-Wolf" or late work like "Easter and the Totem," the black and white images of the early '50s, and some of the long horizontal panels, where he made a strong choice of proportion, he moved beyond decoration. But such works are atypical, in my view. He never outgrew the influence of Thomas Benton. Contrary to popular assumption, Benton was not a realist but a compulsive mannerist who imposed a rigid abstract formula and a stylized curvilinear rhythm on everything he touched. That monotonous Bentonesque beat haunts Pollock's painting down to the end.

He did discover the visual excitement of the swing and splatter of dripped paint. He exploited the perverse appeal of wrinkled enamel and clotted surfaces imbedded with whimsical debris. He put it all together with the certain security of color schemes based on black and white. In their appropriate esthetic and cultural role, Pollock's large-scale canvases should have been used as anarchic ornament for the barren spaces of modern New York architecture. Instead, they are now pawns to be manipulated in big-time art business deals. When the Modern Museum pays \$350,000 for a Pollock and the Metropolitan Museum sells a first-class Rousseau to a private dealer in exchange for a Clifford Still, that not only tells us something about American inflation and the esthetic judgment of the museum personnel involved, it also gives us a glimpse of the shoddy capers that control the art market and promote limited painters like Pollock and Still to a prominence beyond their merit.

Robert Brustein on theater

Repertory Theater in the Doldrums

London

The taproot of the English theater since the war, inarguably, has been the repertory movement outside of London. Not only fertile in itself but the cause of fertility in others, this movement has nurtured artists for the Royal Shakespeare Company and National Theatre, channeled plays and productions into London's West End, and (as I can attest from experience with an American company) profoundly influenced the shape and substance of theaters throughout the world. Still, for all its apparent health and vigor—despite the steady growth of community support and new physical plants—the English repertory movement seems, in some areas, to have become momentarily stalled.

I suspect this may be a consequence of its very success, since stability has a tendency to make you rest with easy answers when you ought to be asking yourself difficult questions. For example... Is the repertory goal to be reached by choosing the safe and routine or by testing untried formulas? Should the repertoire of a provincial theater be essentially regional—local plays about local problems—or should it include more general themes and universal considerations? Is it a theater's obligation to turn out anthology plays in textbook productions, or should it be commissioning new works, unearthing neglected works of the past and exploring contemporary avenues into the familiar masterpieces? To whom does the theater owe its primary allegiance: To the audience, to the actors, to the playwright—or to some overarching idea that embraces all?

In the course of recent travels, I have had the opportunity to watch a number of provincial companies in the process of trying to answer these questions—seldom in satisfactory ways. At the Oxford Playhouse, for example, the company mounted a production of Molière's *The Misanthrope* in which there was so

little effort at characterization that the cast was virtually indistinguishable. Translated into leaden academic verse, placed inside a characterless perspective setting and performed by windup toys producing artificial gestures and verbal rattle, the production had the look of an institutional artifact rather than a spontaneous work of art, with the director-translator functioning as curator. As so often happens with such attempts at historical reconstruction, only the surface of the play was rendered while its most interesting feature—Molière's ambivalence toward Alceste's anti-social misogyny—was left totally undramatized. I didn't stay to see it through, partly because I felt rising in me some of Alceste's rage against unauthentic art.

I was attracted next to Nottingham by a rare opportunity to see Ibsen's *Brand*—a brilliant but inordinately difficult work which few companies have had the temerity to produce. A few minutes after the curtain rose in Nottingham's comfortable playhouse, it was clear that not courage but foolhardiness was animating this event, since the company bashed through the play insensible that it possessed any difficulties at all. The set was one of those arrangements of Stonehenge dolmens on a turntable, lighted so amateurishly that the papier-maché surface was clearly discernible. Still, the set was visible, which is more than can be said for the actors. Although *Brand* is motivated by a passion to find the light, the lighting designer was curiously reluctant to oblige him, with the result that the actor was forced to look for God and the baby pink at the same time. This *Brand* was really benighted, and a little benumbed as well, surrounded as he was by a chorus of townspeople who spoke all their lines in unison (*Brand's* delivery was so monotonous that he seemed to be speaking in unison too). I gather that both the director and the chief actor had previously performed the play on radio; I am reminded of the observation that the best thing about radio is the scenery.

After trials of this sort, it was with eagerness that I returned to a scene of previous pleasure to see the Actors' Company production of Iris Murdoch's *The Three Arrows* at the Cambridge Arts Theatre. This company—already responsible for an inspired version of *'Tis Pity She's A Whore*—is a close-knit ensemble of gifted actors, organized for the purpose of choosing their own plays, their own directors and their own membership. There are obvious ad-

vantages to this democratic scheme; the obvious disadvantage is that plays will be selected less for intrinsic merit than for roles.

Miss Murdoch's play is not exactly an actor's vehicle, but if it weren't for its juicy parts, I doubt that it would have found its way into the company's repertoire. Set in medieval Japan and written in a lapidary style half composed of modern colloquialisms and half of *haiku* epigrams, the play concerns a revolutionary prince, imprisoned for five years by imperial enemies, who gets the opportunity for release from prison through marriage with the emperor's sister. He must first choose among three arrows, representing the political, the religious and the romantic life—the right choice brings him the princess, the wrong one, his death. His enemies arrange that he fail the ordeal, but at the last moment, the emperor intervenes, offering him the option of freedom without the princess. This he accepts; the lady kills herself; and, after a little more carnage, the prisoner sadly escapes.

This fable has some charm, but it is slight. And although Miss Murdoch contrives to pad out the evening with considerable wit, Zen philosophy, sword fights and comedy scenes, there is something linear and scenically abrupt about the play's construction, something lacking in true inevitability, that tempts one to nod. Noel Willman has directed the work efficiently in a manner influenced partly by Kurosawa, partly by Gilbert and Sullivan, and the company, as expected, provides performances of singular delicacy and strength. Ian McKellen plays the prisoner so powerfully that I would like to see him do the part from which it seems to be derived, Segismund in Calderon's *Life Is a Dream*; Robert Eddison, looking like H. B. Warner in *Lost Horizon*, works gently over the part of a Buddhist monk who instructs the prisoner in the vanity of worldly ambition (as the friar in *'Tis Pity*, Eddison instructed McKellen in the dangers of incest—such as the correspondences of repertory); and John Tordoff squeezes rare humor out of the role of a goofy emperor with a penchant for young boys. These and other performances validate the evening, but then this company would look good performing the London street guide.

Still, fine acting is a means not an end; something more is needed to rescue the repertory movement in England from the doldrums. What I am still seeking is a theater willing to risk its

existence in order to advance its frontiers, continually questioning its direction even at the loss of its comfort and security. In a period when poetry, intelligence and imagination are in such short supply, the theater must have a higher purpose than the production of staples, for the famished spirit cannot be satisfied with the mere consumption of foodstuffs, even when they are cooked to a turn and garnished with delights. I say this with full knowledge of all the persuasive economic argu-

ments why the community must be satisfied and the audience left belching; and I am not romantic enough to believe (as some fringe groups presumably do) that mere experimentation is equivalent to meaningful art. Still, I can't shake off the feeling that the repertory movement may be failing a marvelous opportunity for theatrical growth and renewal—an opportunity that won't present itself as long as theaters are trading their birthrights for a mess of bricks and mortar.

Does Schooling Matter?

Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America

by Christopher Jencks and Marshall Smith, Henry Acland, Mary Jo Bane, David Cohen, Herbert Gintis, Barbara Heyns, Stephen Michelson

(Basic Books; \$12.50)

By tradition, Americans are ardent supporters of education and equal opportunity. They believe their reasons, moral and political, to be self-evident and compelling. Democracy requires, in the words of John Dewey, that individuals be encouraged "to develop their full potentialities." Hence Americans are commonly appalled when the goal is thwarted by class and racial barriers, though of course it is they who erect them. And their yearning for improvement is magnified when the economic as well as the social consequences of unequal educational opportunities are put before them.

Unless the reader is aware, from the beginning, that Christopher Jencks looks at education from a quite different point of view, *Inequality* will prove as mystifying, and perhaps as exasperating, as a highly contrived whodunnit in which the victim's murderer turns out to be his loving mother. For in this massive, fact-laden study, Harvard's academician Jencks judges education by standards that few academicians, if any, have applied before—in particular, as a possible source of social and political revolution. Basically the author poses two questions: (1) Can education make

everyone equally wise or competent? (2) Can education make everyone equally rich? Since the answers are obviously no, and the study proves this at depressing length, Jencks is prepared to drop education as a medium for social change and embrace socialism as the only practical route for "equalizing the distribution of income." It is a decision, disclosed in the last paragraph of the last chapter, that most will find breathtaking because of the astonishing obligation assigned to schooling. Gone are the dreams of education as emancipator of mankind, in all its diversity; as the source of our knowledge of nature, society and ourselves; our power to think critically and independently, our awareness of cultural, literary and scientific traditions, our ability to live as civilized humans. For Jencks, education *ought* to be an intellectual and economic leveler. His disillusion, in recognizing that it cannot be so, is mirrored in a bitter, resentful backlash, an assault upon the efficacy of pedagogy and pedagogues that is without precedent.

The real interest of *Inequality* is in its attempt to document that assault. With the full paraphernalia of cybernetics and

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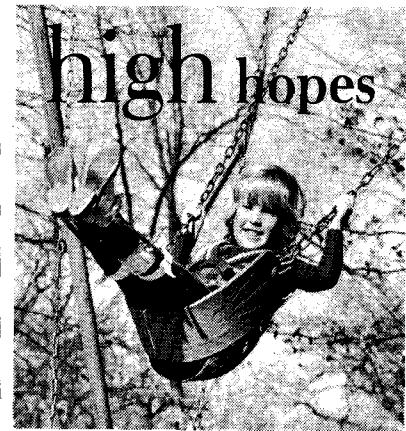
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foundation-financed teamwork, Jencks presents evidence purporting to prove the startling proposition that further improvements or extensions of education would have virtually no effect on anything. Schools, he says, are among those "marginal institutions" that have been beguilingly, and maybe maliciously, overemphasized. The little that we get from them today, and he sees it as *very* little, is the most that can be expected. It is a position, along with other "findings" in this book, plainly calculated to stun or enrage the great majority of liberal reformers, though it may please right-wing conservatives and also revolutionary members of the new left.

Consider the popular presumption that "quality" education should be made available to all, and especially where it is notoriously lacking—in the poorer rural and southern districts and in the ghettos. On the basis of his research, supported by a three-year, \$500,000 Carnegie grant and the services of seven skilled assistants, Jencks concludes that the "average effect of attending the best rather than the worst fifth of all elementary schools is almost certainly no more than 10 points (on an average grade of 100 in cognitive skill exams) and probably no more than 5." Cognitive skills refer to what education is usually supposed to produce, that is, the "ability to manipulate words and numbers, assimilate information, make logical inferences, and so forth." As for differences among high schools, Jencks says that attending the best instead of the worst "contributes almost nothing."

Consider the furor over busing and desegregation. Jencks writes: "Taken together, these surveys suggest that black students score 2 or 3 points higher on standardized tests if they attend desegregated elementary schools than if they attend all-black elementary schools." For tests on which two-thirds of all students receive grades ranging between 85 and 115, the 2 or 3 point difference, if true, would be negligible, and Jencks argues, "certainly not large enough to justify overriding the pref-

erences of parents and students."

Nor, contrary to common assumption, would a massive infusion of money do anything perceptible to enhance the output of schools, according to Jencks' measurements. "In our analysis of Project Talent," he writes, "we found that when we compared an impoverished high school to one that spent twice as much, students in the rich school gained no more between ninth and twelfth grades than students in the poor school." His conclusion: "The evidence we have examined does not suggest that doubling expenditures would raise students' performance on standardized tests."

If the schools have so little impact on individual accomplishment, what does? Jencks answers: "Most differences in adult test scores are due to factors that schools do not control," like genetic differences and environment outside the school. Included in the latter is "family background"—parental occupations, their educational achievements and economic status, which together account for about half the variation in their children's test scores. One is tempted to push back one generation and ask Jencks, what made the parents so different?

Not only do schools have negligible impact on cognitive skills, when compared with innate differences and environmental factors, but they have little influence on individual earnings. Jencks says that earnings depend mainly on personality, luck and what he terms "on-the-job performance." He attributes only about 25 percent of the observed variation in incomes to the combined effects of education, occupation and family status. If we proceed to improve our schools, Jencks concludes, we should do so only to give our children a more pleasant place to spend their time, not because of illusory anticipations of any other beneficial results.

Inequality is written for the general public, which means laymen who ordinarily are not equipped with either the time or the skills to appraise the statistical techniques and data that underlie its argument—unless they receive extraordinarily full and clear explanations of the evidence, which Jencks does not provide. Clearly, limitations of space alone preclude an analysis in this review that could possibly comprehend all the numerous interpretative problems involved. Some observations and reactions may nevertheless be helpful.

On the central issues of education's impact on cognitive skills and on earnings, Jencks' presentation left me unconvinced, both because of questions related to the reliability of the countless "findings" as well as the interpretative constructions placed upon them. The empirical results which Jencks furnishes so generously are in all important instances based on correlations among variables such as IQ scores, family backgrounds, years of schooling, "quality" of schooling, genotypes and so on, some of which are extremely difficult to define, much less measure. Furthermore, many of the correlations are based on observations derived from very small samples. Finally, and more important, the major explanatory variables in Jencks' analysis—parental occupations, family economic status, type of school attended, genotypes and years of schooling—are all very closely intercorrelated. Therefore, it becomes hazardous, if not impossible, to measure the effect of any one of them, taken alone, on other variables such as cognitive skills or earnings. The situation is one calculated to engender a high degree of humility on the part of an investigator.

Glimmers of humility appear at one or two points in Jencks' appendices, where he briefly describes the nature of his computations, but barely at all in the text. For example, on page 315 of the appendix, it is stated that: "Our analyses of heritability suggest that the data base for making generalizations about heritability of IQ scores is still too weak to justify a precise estimate. Our best *guess* is that genotype explains about 45 percent of the variance in IQ scores, that environment explains about 35 percent, and that the correlation between genotype and environment explains the remaining 20 percent." (*Italics supplied.*) The appendix goes on to confess that the margin of probable error for these guesses is enormous, so that, for example, genotype (or heritability) might actually explain as little as 25 percent of the variation in IQ scores or as much as 65 percent. So tremendous a range implies a comparable range of error in Jencks' conclusions about the effect of schooling on IQs and other tests; and if these latter effects were grossly underestimated, as is possible, his entire thesis—and book—could be safely disregarded.

Such doubts, however, are never admitted into the body of the text, where the reader is simply ladled "the results" without qualification. Thus, the ap-

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pendix statement about "our best guess" becomes on page 66 of the text the flat assertion that "Our best *estimate* is that . . ."; nor is there a mention of margins of error or a weak "data base." In assurance and authority, the sound is of a carpenter announcing the height of a bookcase.

The possibility of error in Jencks' estimates of the effect of schooling on earnings seems even more apparent. One might suppose, in this era of "credentialism," that diplomas qualify people for certain occupations, whether justifiably or not, and that this fact alone would mean that earnings would vary directly and strongly with years of education. But Jencks counters that the variation of earnings *within* given occupations is even greater than variations among different occupations, which for him implies that factors other than schooling were more important. His conclusion might have been otherwise had he looked into how occupations are defined. Thus, Jencks would have discovered that 40 percent of the people classified as "engineers" by the census do not have college degrees; this category includes the supervisor of the heating system of an apartment building as well as the chief production engineer of the General Motors Corporation, with earnings 7 or 8 times as high. The category "physicians" includes the successful and popular big city specialist as well as the young general practitioner just making a start in Appalachia. In short, differences in earnings within "occupations" are certain to be great for a variety of obvious reasons, but in no sense militate against the possibility of a powerful role for education.

Perhaps of more significance are certain other data on earnings and education that Jencks either ignores or analyzes incompletely. Since they are

especially pertinent to the question of equal opportunity, they are reproduced in part in the accompanying table. They show, at least roughly, the purely monetary value of years of schooling as reflected in incomes. For example, addition of a college degree to a high school diploma would add \$167,000 to an individual's lifetime earnings, which is substantial even after allowance for college costs. While it is true that those who go to college are on the average more "able" than those who don't, investigators other than Jencks estimate that the ability factor alone accounts only for from 12 to 25 percent of the difference in earnings; the remainder is attributed in the studies of Burton Weisbrod, Peter Karpoff, Zvi Griliches, and W. M. Mason purely to the college education.

Moreover, the facts show that opportunities for higher education are grotesquely unequal for the rich and the poor. Less than 15 percent of the youth from families with incomes under \$7500 are enrolled in college against 54 percent for families with incomes of \$15,000 and over. Nor does this difference reflect primarily disparities in ability. As Chicago University's expert, Gary Becker, has pointed out, "21 percent of high school graduates who do not go to college have IQs over 120, while 50 percent of college graduates have IQs less than 120." The danger of Jencks' study is that it may deflect attention from all that still needs to be done toward improving equality of opportunity in the nation's colleges as well as in primary and secondary schools.

Richard Graham, education director of Action, recently called attention to one final and essential point that Jencks wholly neglects. *Inequality* draws firm conclusions from the performance of schools as they are, just as Malthus in the early 19th century predicted imminent economic disaster on the basis

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Education and Lifetime Earnings

Schooling Completed	Earnings
Elementary School	
Less than 8 years.....	\$189,000
8 years.....	247,000
High School	
1 to 3 years.....	284,000
4 years.....	341,000
College	
1 to 3 years.....	394,000
4 years.....	508,000
5 years or more.....	587,000

Source: Bureau of the Census. Data are for men-only.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH EVETT teaches in the College of Architecture, Art & Planning at Cornell University. JOHN LEGGETT is a novelist and director of the Iowa Writers' Workshop. ANDREI VOZNESENSKY's poem was published in the USSR in his last book, *Shadow of Sound*, in 1970, and will be included in a selection of his poems to appear here next year (Doubleday). Translator WILLIAM JAY SMITH authored *The Streaks of the Tulip: Selected Criticism* (Delacorte), and teaches English at Hollins College. Co-translator NICHOLAS FERSEN teaches Russian at Williams College.

of the prevailing technology. Overlooked is the high probability of educational innovations, especially but not only in the ghettos where schools have been least effective and home and neighborhood environments most constraining. Graham points out that a variety of imaginative reforms are "just catching on," ranging from boarding schools and full-time education, in

which community activities would be combined with learning, to plans that "call for individually guided education in which students can move ahead at their own rates and by means of their own choosing." Many experiments are in progress. It would be too bad if they were retarded by *Inequality's* proposition that, no matter what, schools make no difference.

Melville J. Ulmer

In the Toils of the Goddess

The Four Seasons of Success

by Budd Schulberg

(Doubleday; \$5.95)

The Four Seasons of Success is Budd Schulberg's gallery of fellow-novelists. He wrote four of the portraits, those of Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Heggen, Sinclair Lewis and William Saroyan, a decade ago for *Esquire*, and more recently has added miniatures of Nathanael West and John Steinbeck, but there is no dust on any of these canvases. The Schulberg recollection is clear and his hand goes instinctively to the telling incident.

The chain linking his six mid-century novelists is a common compulsion toward American-style success. Each in his way acknowledged that article of American faith which relegates any of our public figures to the championship or else skid row. Each had a different turn with fortune, sometimes starving for its gifts, sometimes drowning in them. Often the experience was not just painful but threatened his will and ability to write. None, however sure of his talent, was immune.

It is clear at once that the maxim "Nothing succeeds like success," does not apply. "Nothing fails like success" is more like it. Thomas Heggen, youngest of the lot and author of *Mister Roberts*, is nearly forgotten today and yet in 1948 he was "... the flabbergasted, 28-year-old golden boy, engulfed in fame and fortune. ... It would have been difficult that season to single-out any other American under 30 (or over for that matter) who was enjoying or at least receiving the phenomenal quantity and

quality of success being lavished on young Heggen."

And yet he was destroyed in his 20s, apparently overwhelmed by his book's and his own celebrity. Heggen makes a persuasive case for early acclaim being a writer's poison.

Conversely, Nathanael West, "Pep" to the backroom at Stanley Rose's bookstore in Hollywood, was scorned by the public all his life. His work met such massive indifference from reviewers and public that West believed himself a total failure until the day of his death.

Meanwhile, West's reputation has grown into a tower. The sale of his four novels, *The Dream Life of Balzo Snell*, *Miss Lonelyhearts*, *A Cool Million* and *The Day of the Locust*, now stands well over a million copies.

"Pep. I know this sounds funny," Schulberg cries out to him, "but you made it kid! After a mere thirty years you're one helluva popular success. ... Crazy thing is, Pep, you would have been rich. ... You could have lived the life of a writer entirely devoted to your craft just the way you dreamed it and knew in your despairing heart it would never be."

Saroyan, the original flowerchild, is an example of an early-blooming success which withers at midday in a way that suggests again the blight of making-it. Yet this engaging account of Saroyan's skyrocket career does not show success as the villain, rather that Saroyan's talent

was for being young and uninhibited and in the end he had to grow up.

Similarly, the portrait of Sinclair Lewis is a study of the peculiarly native affliction which so often denies our successfully young novelists a serene productivity in their middle and later years. Beginning when Lewis was 35, for a decade, he performed "the hat trick plus two, producing every other year a work of fiction that enhanced his reputation and lent vigor and definition to the American Novel."

Then, in 1930, when he was 45, he won the Nobel Prize. It was a dangerous honor and he knew it. On his way to Stockholm he said, "This is fatal. I cannot live up to it," and then went on to fulfill his prophecy with a shelf of such mediocre books as *The Prodigal Parents* and *Bethel Merriday*. Groping for the satiric mastery with which he had made *Babbitt*, he could do no better than the faltering *Kingsblood Royal*.

Schulberg tells how he met Lewis during this phase of his descent. As editor of *The Dartmouth*, he was warned off the cantankerous novelist. But he got his interview and in its course became weekend guest, drinking companion, social experiment and model for Lewis. Lucky for us too, for the tale is a feast of Lewisian insights.

Although Schulberg concludes that at 55 Lewis was a burned-out old man, "... destroyed by fame and self-destroyed by the bitter knowledge of the premature failure of his genius ..." his own experience with Lewis suggests that the man's collapse was due less to the overdose of early honors than a hardening of the spiritual arteries, an intolerance and inelasticity toward changing political ideas. There is little evidence here that an early diet of honors did Red Lewis in, nor that his tragedy was more than an early peaking to the cycle of his powers.

Fitzgerald's is such a classic fall from grace it seems to need no more retelling. But the celebrated Dartmouth weekend makes a hypnotic anecdote and out of it emerges a Scott Fitzgerald only superficially wounded. He was suffering from outrageously hard luck but he was still sure of his talent, still its careful custodian, looking ahead to its next bearing. These are the essentials of a writer's survival.

In each of his six portraits I suspect that Budd Schulberg is making some kind of self-discovery; that they offer him accurate reflections of himself in the toils of the bitch-goddess. Bucking up a melancholy Tom Heggen, Schul-

berg told him that he need not top his first success, that a writer should think of himself as a mountain range, not worry if every peak isn't a new Mt. Whitney. His reputation may rise and fall, even drop away, and in the end, hopefully, he'll "throw some sort of shadow against the sky." Hearing this sound advice, I was certain that Budd Schulberg was actually reassuring himself and, for that matter, all of us.

It is this very personal urgency and sense of shared fate pervading these pages which gives a modest collection of literary profiles so keen an edge. It is both a grave and an exuberant little book. The rivet at its center is hard truth about our worship of fame and fortune, how it has poisoned some of the best American artists.

John Leggett

In Brief

**"They'll Cut Off Your Project":
A Mingo County Chronicle
by Huey Perry**

(Praeger; \$7.95)

This book is one of those unexpected delights that comes along every once in a while, but not often enough. Written by the former director of the anti-poverty agency in one of the poorest and most politically corrupt counties in West Virginia (which means one of the poorest and most politically corrupt counties in the nation), it has already been compared with the regional classic, Harry Caudill's *Night Comes to the Cumberland*s. Its scope is narrower, but the flavor of the region and the people is there. Reading it is like taking an easy sojourn up the hollows of Dingess and Matewan.

Mingo County was, and remains, rough country. Even today people from the big city, Charleston, fear to go there. Besides being the setting for the famous feud between the Hatfields and McCoys, Mingo was also the scene of brutal union organizing during the early days of the United Mine Workers. In more recent memory, 17 law officers have been killed, in a series of incidents, in one tiny community alone. Vote fraud is

An Ironical Elegy Born in Those Most Distressing Moments When . . . One Cannot Write

I'm in a crisis. My spirit is mute.
"A line a day," my friend insists.
But I have neither
Days nor lines.

My fields lie fallow;
My factories are dark.
My soul, unemployed,
Gapes, yawning wide.

My critic, my accuser,
Will say with a snarl
That in this most immune-to-crisis system
I alone experience a crisis.

My incorruptible fellow countryman,
The suit is perfect, but it doesn't fit.
Everything's clear inside and out—
But poetry doesn't come . . .

I go to pieces in love,
Take to twanging a cheap guitar;
You don't go to pieces—
I do.

My verse was solid—like crystal;
A hockey puck, it zinged to its goal.
But I can't rhyme any more;
I've lost the knack.

A migratory bird
Will mourn in flight.
Cranes sing in unison;
A swan will not.

Gray bird, what do you lament
In the wind before white Vladimir?
I cannot catch those notes;
I go to pieces.

Seven books of poetry
Are published daily;
But I flee friends and towns,
A mad dog,

Into forests gone to frost,
Into dawns turned numb,
Where spring goes to pieces,
Breaking secretly into summer.

And yet I trust my colleagues—
The twenty-five hundred and fifteen
Poets of our federation;
They will write poems even if I can't;

They never go to pieces.

ANDREI VOZNESENSKY

(translated by William Jay Smith and Nicholas Fersen)

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commonplace, and until the time of the events of Huey Perry's book no one had dared challenge the political machine.

Perry, a native of Mingo County and the son of a coal miner, describes the struggle to bring the poor into the political and social picture. A high school teacher, he suddenly found himself named the director of Mingo's Equal Opportunity Commission, a job he held down for four years. His job was to start getting the poor to think of themselves as capable of accomplishing something, and to do that he had to fight the established Democratic leaders, such as those in control of the economic opportunity commission for whom Perry worked. The battle for the reins of the program is the highlight of this book and represents in a sense a microcosm of the whole community action movement. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, in his *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*, criticizes the community participation aspect of the war on poverty for trying to replace elected officials with, as Huey Perry would say, "poor power." Had he been able to see the effect of bringing at least some semblance of decency and respect to people who had been downtrodden all their lives, Moynihan might have had a different perspective.

Transparent Things by Vladimir Nabokov

(McGraw-Hill; \$5.95)

Back in his fine anti-Kafkan novel *Invitation to a Beheading*, Nabokov distinguished between the good guy, who was opaque, and the bad guys, who were transparent things, who could be seen into and seen through. An old-fashioned view of the writer's proper relation to his characters is that he must know everything about them; though he reports to us only carefully selected details, he must know everything, everything.

Nabokov has always taken that God-like position toward his fictional puppets, and in this short novel — a writer's highspirited vacation after the immense labor of *Ada* — it becomes his basic theme. His all-knowing narrator, hovering high above the characters and events, remarks on the difficulty of keeping to the narrative surface of

things, because things—including people—are like jars filled with their past, “transparent things, through which the past shines!” The artist therefore finds it difficult to report only the present moment. “I shall explain. A thin veneer of immediate reality is spread over natural and artificial matter, and whoever wishes to remain in the now, with the now, on the now, should please not break its tension film.” This is difficult; at one point the narrator mentions a pencil and suddenly finds himself immersed in its particular history and even in the history of pencils.

The story itself is a minor Nabokov game of foreshadowing and coincidence, involving a dull publisher’s representative, a fantastic German-American author resident in Switzerland, and one of Nabokov’s cold-blooded, superficial women—like the hero’s wife in *Beheading*. The narration is everything here, and it is bejeweled with sharply focused details and acerbic comments on life—an amusing evening’s monolog by a great writer on a postman’s holiday.

New Towns In-Town: Why a Federal Program Failed by Martha Derthick

(The Urban Institute, 2100 M Street NW, Washington, DC 20037; \$2.95)

The largest landholder in the United States is the federal government. Most of this land is in the West and is useful only to prairie dogs. But the feds do have substantial landholdings in the metropolitan areas, and that knowledge led to the program that is central to this book: the use of federal surplus land as sites for low-income housing.

The scheme originated one morning in August 1967 with none other than Lyndon Johnson during a conversation with his special assistant, Joseph A. Califano, Jr. (who wrote the foreword to this book). The President was annoyed that the War on Poverty had entered a dull negotiation stage, and he wanted a big, flashy program that would excite the citizenry and perhaps get a few thousand housing units out of the ground. He hoped that by simply giving away land in the cities he could spur some massive redevelopment projects that would

be viewed as inspirational examples of Johnsonian can-do. Part of the beauty of the program, as he saw it, was that it needn’t get bogged up in Congress since no new federal legislation was needed.

Martha Derthick, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, offers a short course in the failure of the program in particular and the federal bureaucracy in general. She shows that by the time Johnson had announced his retirement in March 1968, the new-towns-in-town program was already a flop—only a few hundred housing units would ever be built—and then she offers several technical reasons for the debacle. Although the government owns lots of land in the cities, very little of it is surplus (property that no agency in the government needs). There has also always been a question about the legality of selling the land at any price less than the fair market value, yet without a land write-down, which was finally authorized, the program would have been meaningless for the production of lower-cost housing.

There were more substantive issues. In the new town that was to be the shining example for the program—Fort Lincoln, an abandoned federal training school for boys in Washington, DC—control became the key factor. Which citizens’ group would the federal officials consult as the voice of the community? Several vied for the privilege, and the squabble that ensued only ended when Fort Lincoln was put in the hands of a private developer. In other cities local officials were loath to get involved in any federal program smacking of low-income tenants (meaning blacks from the ghetto) for fear of inviting the wrath of the white majority. And finally, even in those cities where the local leaders were enthusiastic, red tape gradually dampened spirits sufficiently to end all hopes for success.

A program conceived so quickly, Derthick writes, and launched with so little planning has two strikes against it. Add to this the internal conflicts of the federal agencies involved (mainly the General Services Administration and the Department of Housing and Urban Development), the interoffice disputes, and the poor relations with a Congress that had been left out in the cold, and you have the makings for failure. The Nixon administration, having pretty much abandoned this orphan of the Johnson era, has been giving away the land for parks instead. It’s easier to create parks than housing for poor folks.

Sedulus on TV

Before & After

Before: Two days before the election all was in order at CBS. Cronkite and company had it locked up for Nixon except in Massachusetts and DC, and were as sure of themselves as cement. Roger Mudd aggressively told Frank Mankiewicz (who wasn’t there) that Frank must learn to control himself; and lordly pundit Seavereid pundited how McGovern had denied the existence of the great American middle. I sat there thinking yes the Cronkiters would be proved right, but why did they have to be right *that way*?

As for that overlooked middle, well, it seemed to me that perhaps it had not been so much overlooked by McGovern as fire-and-brimstoned by McGovern, while being sweet-talked by Nixon. McGovern had not been attracting the middle (did he attract the ends either? not really), but he could hardly have been McGovern and been accommodating too—in terms of issues at any rate—so long as the middle stuck heroically to its segregation, its militarism and its indomitable defense of corruption and other low forms of governmental life. Some prophets, notably John Gardner, had been announcing the end of the middle’s apathy, but on the dark days before the election it looked as if the apathy was over only because it was being replaced by something worse, namely the positive assertion of all the middle’s worst vices.

I can’t say though that I managed to get rid of *my* apathy—for McGovern or for the whole election—before Nov. 7, and I wondered as I sat yawning in front of the tube’s earnest politicians (I wouldn’t have been there at all if I hadn’t been dreaming of this column) how much of America was as turned off as I. And *why* were we turned off? Was it that the pollsters, with their landslide predictions, had made it no contest before the event?—I couldn’t believe that was the main thing, since hoping that the prophets will be wrong is a fine old American occupation. Was it then that Nixon’s actions and the popular

response to them indicated that the country was so fearful of change that there was just No Way, in 1972, for *anything* of interest or significance to happen?—that, I thought, was probably it; we were in a political and ideological hole that McGovern might have helped dig but could hardly be held wholly responsible for. Those who had held that 1972 was to be a year of a great shift had been simply wrong from the start. Mebbe 1976.

So felt I *two* days before the election. One day before the election I read a legal complaint from ole Doc Spock that CBS had given his People's Party campaign exactly seven minutes of tube time in all, and that the other networks had not done much better. Well yes,

and in that oversight was to be seen perhaps another manifestation of the big ho hum, of which the newspapers and also *The New Republic* could be found guilty. In a year of crucial alterations in the structure and strength of both major parties one might think that more heed *would* have been paid to third-party biz; but no, so immovable seemed the great popular beast, even to journalistic professionals, that they showed "complete and contemptuous disregard," in the phrasing of the legal complaint, for the People's Party candidates. The phrasing might have been strong but the point *was* a point, evidence of the climate of a campaign that managed to achieve exhaustion months before the end.

Also, one day before the election, I managed to miss McGovern's finale, but did pick up Nixon's, which was like going to a bad old movie at the Bijou. There was Dick in his salad days telling Khrushchev that he (Khrushchev) didn't know everything, and playing "Happy Birthday" on the mighty Steinway for Duke Ellington. As the show ended the Hollywood music rose to nifty heights in the background and I needed a drink.

After. I went to three sad election-night parties. One had even been announced as a wake beforehand, and it was. So were the others. The coming of what everybody had known would come did not make for joy. The landslide seemed a victory for Watergate, potsy profits, war—and against youth, change, integration, almost everything that anybody at the three parties stood for. Hurrah for America and the democratic process? Hollow laughter. As for TV, the big Nixon V seemed to mean that the FCC would be even more accommodating to the networks and commercial interests, and public broadcasting would be a placid cow indeed. Lovely, lovely. Pass the pretzels.

The Washington Rag-Time After-Election Gloom-Doom Stomp

I'd sing the nobody's home town blues if I knew the tune
Sing the nobody's home town blues if I knew the tune
In the very bluest blues town
The ain't nobody home town
Where I sit and watch the cold come down

down

Sit and watch the cold come down

yeah
cat and dog
dig that

I'd blow this town away if I had a fan
Blow this town away if I had a fan
Town for vulture and ashcan
Bad town yeah man
Where I sit and watch the bad go on

on

Sit and watch the bad go on

zowie
zip zap
boola

But I'm stuck right in this town for four sad more
Stuck right in this town for four sad more
All stuck and sad and sore
Contemplating four
More of what we didn't need one more

more

Didn't need one sad bad little more

cut

Kauffmann, from page 24

poised against the camera's easy movement, with the narrator's voice above all, is cleverly appealing.

Some things are much less appealing. I never expected to see again a long shot of a house at night with a lamp going out as a symbol of death. Another example: there is a seemingly interminable and quite incredible sequence in which Muriel confesses to Claude by letter that she is addicted to masturbation. (Another example of Roché-Truffaut's false "deepness.")

But a good deal of the film is enjoyable. Jean-Pierre Léaud, familiar as Truffaut's Antoine Doinel, gives his usual formal, sensitive performance. The two sisters, Kika Markham (Anne) and Stacey Tendeter (Muriel), are nicely differentiated, and have the right kind of "discoverable" sex, instead of immediate pow. The two mothers, theirs (Sylvia Marriott) and his (Marie Mansart), are perfect. And Philippe Leotard is flavorful as a Slavic lover of Anne's.

Once more, in an age when we are drenched with pretty-pretty photogra-

REED WHITEMORE

phy, Nestor Almendros helps to justify color. (As in *Chloe in the Afternoon*.) Of course Almendros is here photographing in a period and from a view in which everything is delicate and wistful, still the way he handles lamplight and gardens and such shots as one in which Claude, at a window, sees one of the girls take a letter from a postbox—it's all just exquisite. And here's an example of what he does to make us happy. It's in color: Claude is in his apartment before going to a sculpture studio to see Muriel for the first time in many years. The apartment is all rich reds and browns; the first shot of the studio is of gray walls, gray clay heads. It's like a transitional chord.

Books. A historic event. *The International Encyclopedia of Film* (Crown; \$17.95) is the first such work of substance in the English language. The general editor was Roger Manvell, the American advisory editor was Lewis Jacobs, and the relatively small staff—for such a large project—includes such names as David Robinson, Roy Armes, and Jay Leyda. They have all produced an extremely useful, long-needed work. It is well designed, folio size, 574 triple-columned pages, with 1000 black and white photos and 32 pages in color. There is an introduction sketching the history of film, another on the development of color cinematography (with many plates), then a chronology of important dates. Then the text. Which is followed by a long bibliography of film books arranged by topics, an index of title changes of films, and indexes of the films and names in this book. A fine job.

Of course, as a spot check shows, there are flaws, omissions, debatable matters. The birthplace of Clarence Brown is given as Clinton, USA. (Find that on your map!) The caption of the photo from *The Thirty-nine Steps* should read "Godfrey Tearle," not "Frank Lawton." Jules Dassin's most ambitious film, *He Who Must Die*, is completely omitted from his entry. Joseph Losey gets a full-page photograph, Antonioni none at all. Is it true that Joseph L. Mankiewicz's achievements "cannot be over-estimated"? (I would say that this entry proves they *can* be.) Brief "topic" entries, like "director," are sometimes weak.

But the few mistakes and questions do not begin to affect the great sense of reliability one gets from the book (quite unlike the *McGraw-Hill Encyclopedia of World Drama*, which I reviewed here in

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Some of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet are in a constant state of semi-starvation. They subsist day in and day out on a few greens, some peas... and maybe a little corn pone or fat back once in awhile.

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the October 21 issue). The writing is generally clean and crisp, the view of the subject informed. There are many national histories, and the ones I have read are very full and helpful. The longer entries such as that on DeMille, the medium entries like that on Rohmer, the brief entries like those on Jane and Peter Fonda are exemplary. All sorts of film people are treated—writers, cameramen, etc. Because this book is a co-production with a British publisher (printing and binding done in Japan), the price is very low, relatively speaking. From any aspect, this is a work of intelligence and integrity.

By the sort of coincidence that often happens in publishing, another book appears simultaneously to fill the long-empty gap. *The World Encyclopedia of the Film*, edited by Tim Cawkwell and John M. Smith (World; \$25), would be invaluable without the Manvell-Jacobs book but is very valuable with it. *World* is not a "written" encyclopedia, it's a *Who's Who*, concentrating on data and film lists, which last seem more extensive in many cases than those in the *International*. In any event, it's a good back-up book for the other one. *World's* unique asset is an immense index of films beginning apparently at Year One, with at least some data about each. No color plates but 500 photos. Again triple-columned, 444 folio pages.

International is the first significant work of its kind in English. *World* supersedes such a handbook as Halliwell's *Filmgoer's Companion*. With these two books anyone can now have a substantial film reference library. Thanks and congratulations to all concerned.

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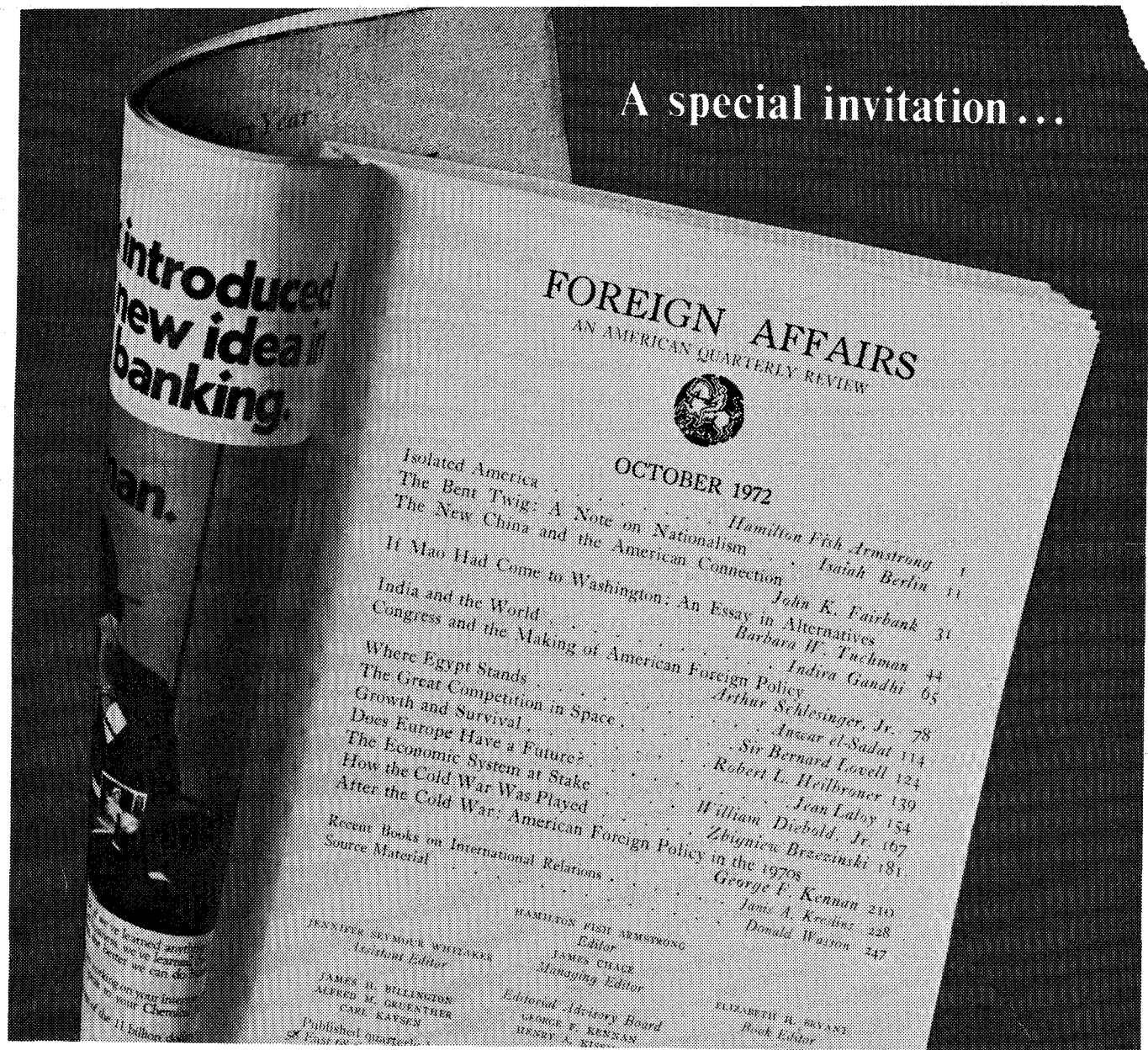
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